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New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LIV · No. 1388 SATURDAY · 19 OCTOBER 1957 NINEPENCE

A View of Ghana
by Kingsley Martin

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Historical Books
Number

Comments on the Week's News .. 478
What Krushchev Means 480
A View of Ghana. Kingsley Martin .. 481
London Diary. Critic 482
This England 483
Spokesman, What of the Night? Reginald Reynolds 483
Did Somebody Ring? J. P. W. Mallalieu, MP 484
The Taste of First Love Reginald Reynolds 484
Fleet Street Notebook. Francis Williams 486
War Games. Paul Johnson 488

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

Craft and Inspiration. Desmond Shawe-Taylor 490
Mr Amis Regrets. T. C. Worsley .. 490
Percussion Always Helps. Tom Driberg 492
Very English. Lindsay Anderson .. 494

CORRESPONDENCE

Prof. H. J. Eysenck, W. C. Anoff, William McCarthy, U. R. Q. Henriques, John Grube, Sir William Emrys Williams, Richard Dobbs, David Sylvester. .. 494

HISTORICAL BOOKS

Namier Inc. John Raymond 499
New Cambridge Modern. H. R. Trevor-Roper 500
Rule, Britannia! R. H. S. Crossman .. 501
The Elephant and the Whale. Michael Howard 502
A Corner in Rationality. A. J. P. Taylor 502
Friar Felix Rides Again. Richard Mayne 504
The Improbable Omnibus. Rose Macaulay 504
The Great Days of Oliver. John Elliott 505
Double Anniversary. James Cameron 506
So Big, So Rich. C. S. Bennett .. 507
Practical Jacobite. Ralph Partridge .. 507
Rattle Their Bones. Raymond Postgate 508
Underground History. Asa Briggs .. 508
New Novels. Maurice Richardson .. 509
Shorter Reviews 510

Week-end Competition 511
City Lights. Taurus 511
The Chess Board. Assiac 512
Week-end Crossword. Set-square .. 512

The Humbug State

It is something to be thankful for that Sir Ian Jacob and his board of governors have decided not to blacklist Malcolm Muggeridge. That would have raised grave issues affecting relations between journalists and the BBC. As it is, the edict banning Mr Muggeridge from this week's *Panorama*—for executing a professional commission for a notoriously conformist family magazine—puts further difficulties in the way of the BBC's able team of current affairs producers and directors. Sir Ian, in fact, seems to have laid down a new governing principle—don't deal with the hot news, too many people might be interested in it. What else can be meant by the extraordinary statement handed down last Monday that 'we should not give further publicity to a matter which has already had enough'?

The popular press, led characteristically by the *Sunday Express*, had already lifted out of context—and so distorted—enough of Mr Muggeridge's *Saturday Evening Post* article to suggest that he had perpetrated an ill-mannered and scurrilous attack on the Queen instead of a serious and substantially non-controversial analysis of the monarchy. *Panorama* was a chance to put this right, to explain to viewers, most of whom had seen only the gross distortions, what he had said and why he thought it worth saying. Sir Ian Jacob's intervention had the effect of gagging Muggeridge and ensuring that the serious content of his article could never overtake the sensational lie.

What moved Sir Ian to take this ill-judged action? We may surely discount any idea that he was himself astonished or shocked at Muggeridge's views—always assuming he had taken the trouble to read them. Opinions may differ, of course, about the value of monarchy in 20th-century society; and Mr Muggeridge, in contrast to Sir Ian, clearly holds that its disadvantages outweigh its advantages. But most of the analysis which leads him to this view would be accepted by sophisticated people of all opinions—even though it might surprise the majority of viewers, who are not encouraged to question the graven idols of the Establishment.

This really is the crux of the matter. Sir Ian's embargo was based on the unwritten censorship with which the British ruling class today protects itself—that matters which affect the essential stability of the Establishment may be aired only among the top people. Mr Muggeridge, right or wrong, discussed in print views which are commonplace in upper-crust circles, but 'disloyal' and 'scandalous' on the BBC or in the popular press. So ramshackle is the class-structure of society today that every precaution must be taken not to rattle it about: iconoclasm may be practised only between consenting adults and in private. Britain, in a word, is rapidly becoming a humbug state, and Sir Ian Jacob is its Lord High Chancellor.

The chief malaise of the Fifties, of which the rulers of the BBC are merely symptoms, is a mealy-mouthed evasion of real controversy, a refusal to blurt out uncomfortable truths, a petulant resentment at the disturbance caused by adventurous ideas. There are, for instance, a large number of straightforward topical propositions which we all know perfectly well to be true: that British royalty, for example, amiable and devoted as they are, are often made to appear ridiculous by their advisers: that the H-bomb is wicked: that a bare handful of trade union MPs are fit to be ministers: that the editorial line of popular newspapers is distorted by their need for advertising revenue: that the princes of the Church are a great deal more temporal than spiritual. But anybody who is brave enough to state these truths in terms which the general public can understand will soon be taught the price of irresponsibility.

We live in a second-rate society and all of us are partly to blame for too easily accepting its conventions. Criticism is permissible—but only within safe limits. Good taste is preferred to truth, and sound men to brave ones. Our royalty symbolise the trivialities of middle-class convention: our political leaders are pygmies: our press is a treacherous estate, and the Archbishop of Canterbury is the best double-talker since the Delphic Oracle shut up shop. No wonder the young Redbrick intellectuals find their community of spirit in the cleansing flame of anger. For the young, the restless, the divinely discontented, the Humbug State is a stage to hell.

Comments on the Week's News

Nasser's Smart Ploy

The events of the past few weeks have shown that, despite his setbacks in the spring and early summer, the initiative in the Middle East still rests with President Nasser. Indeed, America's handling of the Syrian trade pact with Russia seems to have played straight into his hands. Mr Henderson's ill-considered trip to Beirut and Ankara had the opposite effect to what was intended: it succeeded in rallying the Arab states to the side of Syria by resurrecting the Turkish bogy, and allowed Russia to gain further credit in Arab eyes by her well-timed note to the Turkish government. It gravely embarrassed the pro-American puppet regime in Jordan, engaged in the delicate task of reconvening a purged parliament; it revealed King Saud as a man of straw, whose influence is ineffective except when exerted on the side of the pro-Nasser forces; and even in the Lebanon, where the Americans are most strongly entrenched, the government was forced to issue a hint that it might now be necessary to 'revise' the contract under which it accepted the Eisenhower Doctrine this Spring. Finally, Nasser has shrewdly cashed in on the crisis by carrying out his own 'arms lift' to Syria. The troops and arms he has shipped to Latakia are small in numbers; nor are the three Egyptian destroyers now in Syrian waters likely to prove of much use in the event of a Syrian-Turkish conflict. But none of this matters: neither Nasser nor any other Arab politician really believes that war will actually happen. The gesture is aimed at the Arab masses, and is intended to restore the image of Egypt as the major power in the Arab world, both willing and able to come to the aid of her threatened friends.

Grötewohl's Millions

The East German currency exchange is a conscious government swindle, whose immediate consequences are painfully obvious, but whose long-term objectives are obscure. The declared purpose of the reform – to stop 'monopolist currency speculation, spying and sabotage' – is meaningless. There is no large-scale speculation against the East Mark, and the only organisation which suffers from the day-to-day, small-scale exchanges which the division of Berlin make inevitable, is the official West Berlin exchange bureau, which accepts East Marks earned by West Berliners employed in the East Zone at parity (their real value is only 20 per cent. of the Deutschmark). The effect of the reform will be to wipe out all savings in the East Zone for which 'legal justification' cannot be provided. By doing so, the government will thus reduce notes in circulation by perhaps as much as 1,000 million marks. The objective would thus seem to be deflationary, and a sign, perhaps, that the government finally intends to carry out its repeated promise to abolish rationing. At the same time, it may be primarily a political move, aimed at destroying the last remains of private enterprise in the zone. Ironically enough, the note exchange coincides with Yugoslavia's decision to recognise the East German regime: a move which flows logically from Tito's earlier recognition of the Oder-Neisse line – a gesture aimed at strengthening Gomulka's hand – but which is also a further sign of Yugoslavia's growing identity of interests with the 'Socialist Camp'.

The Tactical Crisis

M. Pinay's tactics, since President Coty asked him to form a government, have been aimed at influencing French public opinion rather than the Assembly. Without the participation of the MRP and the Socialists, both extremely doubtful, his hopes of succeeding are slender; but by accepting Coty's offer, he has a chance of outlining a programme of government – no increase in taxes, cuts in government expenditure, a 'contract' with the Assembly providing for a dissolution in the event of his government's defeat – which will be well received in the country, and which will be remembered long after it has been rejected by the deputies. His long-term aim, it is believed, is to become a 'Mendès-France of the right', who will eventually be swept into office by a ground-swell of popular feeling. Meanwhile, the crisis is in its third week, and an early *dénouement* has been made even more imperative by a sudden outbreak of industrial unrest which led, this week, to a cut-off of Paris electricity supplies. This may, of course, work in Pinay's favour and frighten the deputies into investing his government; more probably, however, it will benefit whoever the President chooses as his successor. Here, indeed, is the point. Until the last few days, most observers would have designated M. Mollet as the logical, even inevitable, choice. But M. Coty, it seems, has become increasingly irritated by Mollet's cynical tactics. 'I am the President,' he is said to have remarked, 'not M. Mollet'. He may, therefore, choose somebody else, in the hope that the increasing weariness of the deputies will counterbalance the arithmetical bias in Mollet's favour.

Winter of Anxiety

Beyond the Autumn sunshine lies a difficult winter. The *Financial Times* this week reports 'anxiety in industry' about the level of demand, and the government's policy of dear money and reduced investment is designed to reduce demand still further. There had already been a falling off in private investment and in defence orders, and it is now clear that neither the nationalised industries nor consumer demand will be permitted to take up the slack. At the same time, production and employment have begun to stagnate in both western Europe and the US: if the long boom is not finally over we are at least heading for a prolonged interruption. Mr Thorneycroft has privately told the international bankers that the opportunity will not be lost; we are to save the pound even at the cost of some unemployment. Mr Macleod, meanwhile, has blandly assured the Tory conference that any economic difficulties are the result of impersonal forces for which the government is not responsible: everything will be all right if only the unions will take their medicine bravely and restrain their members from making 'impossible' demands. He has left it to Lord Hailsham to set the stage for a showdown if the unions decide to stand and fight. If Britain manages to wobble through the winter without a serious crisis, then the government will speak with the voice of Mr Macleod, and Lord Hailsham's tirades will simply reassure the Tory rank-and-file. If, however, the situation becomes difficult we shall hear more of Lord Hailsham's theory of a 'conspiracy' by the unions to wreck Britain's chances of recovery. It seems in fact unlikely that the winter will pass without industrial disputes – and if these take place against the background of growing unemployment and falling output they are bound to be bitter. But it is Mr Thorneycroft, not Mr Cousins, who will be responsible. Trade unions cannot 'co-operate' with policies designed to weaken their bargaining power.

After Suhrawardy

The withdrawal of the Republican Party's support from the precarious coalition which Mr Suhrawardy had led for less than a year is the signal for another bout of political horse-trading in Pakistan. President Mirza, the toughest operator of them all, now hopes to knock Mr Suhrawardy out of business: the President seems to be taking more than a president's interest in forming yet another government of political leaders who put the prize of office long before the idea of service to their countrymen. Mr Suhrawardy himself was no exception to this game of personal politics, and he has achieved far less than might have been expected. A leading member of the Awami League, with whose support he climbed into the prime minister's chair, he has only a section of its members with him today; Maulana Bashani has taken the more progressive members with him into his new party, the National Awami Party. Though active against communalism whilst a rising politician, Mr Suhrawardy's policy as Prime Minister has further exacerbated Pakistan-India relations over Kashmir. His noisy support for the Baghdad Pact and Seato has not impressed the West, whilst it has given a telling argument both to India and to his opponents in Pakistan. The more Pakistan takes in American military aid, Maulana Bashani points out, the greater the shortage of consumer goods and the higher the prices.

East African Minorities

East Africa is now being forced to face the problem of safeguarding minorities. Uganda is already caught up in the practical politics of the controversy. Before long it will spread to Kenya and Tanganyika. Recently the Uganda Legislative Council approved a motion providing for common-roll elections in 1961 with 'adequate and effective non-African representation' in the Council. In the debate Chief Secretary Hartwell defined 'adequate' as meaning a number of guaranteed seats, and 'effective' as allowing for such members to sit on the representative benches. This debate has stirred opinion in Uganda deeper than at any time since the Kabaka affair. All representative African members opposed the motion. The African National Congress has campaigned against it and secured several thousand signatures to a petition. The government has promised not to put the plans into effect unless they secure widespread African support. Mr Lennox-Boyd's visit to Uganda was made in order to try to find a compromise. The background to African opposition is complicated. Some still look for a federal Uganda, and suspect that the new plans will strengthen unitary trends. Others are suspicious of the African-non-African balance in the Council. Still others aspire to a completely black Uganda, and detest the thought of non-Africans, particularly Asians, retaining any political influence. The solution would appear to be to insist that guaranteed seats for minorities are introduced as a purely temporary measure

News from Our Own Correspondents

New York

The Merry-go-round

After a week under the 'Red Moon', as the tabloids inevitably tagged the Russian satellite, it seems fair to say that Americans by and large are more fascinated by the *sputnik* than alarmed by its possible implications. No doubt the Milwaukee *Sentinel* was in a class by itself when it ran its first report on the satellite on page two, reserving the front page – 'Today we make history,' it said with unconscious irony – for Milwaukee's first taste of World Series baseball. But while the perspective of that city was possibly warped by the honour that had finally come to it, the reaction of the country as a whole has been similarly sporting, as though the Russians had simply done unusually well in the Olympic shot-put. On the official level the attitude has been downright complacent.

President Eisenhower himself set the tone for the Administration's relaxed acceptance of the Soviet triumph. Congratulating the Russians while disavowing any race to the heavens, he seemed bent on minimising their achievement. It proved that they could 'hurl an object a considerable distance', he told reporters. Yet, with all their concentrated effort, they had just 'put one small ball in the air'. Except for showing that Soviet scientists had developed 'a very powerful thrust in their rocketry', he thought, the thing had no significance 'as far as security is concerned'. Charles E. Wilson, retiring as Secretary of Defence, dismissed the man-made moon as 'a nice scientific trick' and added reassuringly, 'Nobody is going to drop anything down on you from a satellite while you are asleep, so don't worry about it.'

All the same, some people here have been worrying – not about bombs from the *sputnik*, of course, but about the jolting setback to American prestige abroad, about the Russians' obvious ability to fire intercontinental missiles as well as moons, about our own apparent lag in technology, and not least, perhaps, about the Administration's belief that what the country needs now is not a stern assessment of the facts but a large dose of soothing syrup.

A number of Democratic senators are pressing for an investigation, and there is no doubt as to the target. There is a wide, and plausible, belief that this country could well have beaten the Russians to the punch if the armed services had worked together on rocket development instead of in jealous rivalry, if sufficient funds and talent had been concentrated on the project, and if Russian science had been more realistically evaluated. All these 'ifs' represent failures of the Administration, as Senator Smathers of Florida, Senator Jackson of Washington, and others have been openly charging. It can hardly be doubted that the appearance of the satellite has dimmed the image of Mr Eisenhower as the Soldier-President who might not know much about tight money or constitutional law but who was just what the country needed in a period of cold war that could suddenly turn hot.

Fortunately the proposed investigation promises to be much more than a partisan manoeuvre. Republican Senator Bridges of New Hampshire and, reportedly, Senator Saltonstall of Massachusetts have indicated their support. Minority Leader Knowland has called for a 'complete review' of the missile and satellite programmes. With these and such Democratic powers in the Senate as Russell of Georgia and Majority Leader Johnson clearly in favour of pursuing the subject, the only questions are when the job will actually be started, how publicly it will be conducted, and how free of self-seeking politics it can be kept.

The last aspect is perhaps the most important, since on at least two counts, Congress has as much to answer for as the President. Penny-pinching has been its special pastime, and Eisenhower's repeated reference to money at his press conference on the satellite indicate that he will not let the legislators forget their preoccupation with budget-cutting at the expense of such dreamy stuff as artificial moons. The second count is the low estate to which pure scientists, along with other eggheads, have been reduced here in recent years. True, it was the Administration's Mr Wilson, again, who remarked that 'basic research is when you don't know what you're doing,' but it was on Capitol Hill that the hounding of intellectuals began in the heyday of McCarthyism.

ROBERT BENDINER

New Delhi

Nature Turns the Wheel

A Correspondent writes: 'The Ruhr of India.' That is how Mr Nehru described what the contiguous areas of West Bengal, Bihar and Orissa would be, in a speech when he inaugurated the third Damodar Valley Corporation dam at Maithon. The description is not exaggerated. Steel mills and coal mines are in the foreground; add to these power and water, and the picture of a Ruhr begins to emerge on the Indian canvas. Plans to control and use the Damodar river were prepared seriously only after the 1943 floods. There had been more destructive floods before then, but the floods of 1943 came when a Japanese invasion seemed imminent; and the military significance of controlling the river was highlighted. When plans were prepared to harness the 'River of Sorrow', flood control was the primary object; but the blueprint for exploiting

the resources of the Damodar, of course, envisaged irrigation and the generation of power.

The execution of the DVC projects has been slower than was planned, and floods do continue to harass and destroy. But on a much smaller scale: with the dam at Maithon completed, the danger should be almost negligible. Next year, about this time, when the Panchet dam is ready, floods will be almost wholly under control. The irrigation project has been delayed by a number of factors. In addition to 'lack of early detailed planning', as Mr P. S. Rau, chairman of DVC, has observed, there were 'difficulties connected with finance, with land acquisition, and finding contractors to work in out-of-the-way places'. The reservoir at Maithon is 41.4 square miles, and its storing capacity during floods is 1,200,000 acre/feet. The submerged area will measure 26,500 acres. The dam is 162 feet above the river bed and is 16,110 feet long. The power station at Maithon, the second to be constructed, has three 20,000 kW hydro-electric generating sets. The power generation capacity is 190,000,000 kWh. When Bokaro, the first power station, began to operate in 1953, doubts were expressed whether its power would be fully utilised. But demand for power outstripped capacity. Originally, total capacity of the power system was planned at 300,000 kW. But it was realised even then that the system would grow rapidly. The DVC has sometimes been criticised for not giving cheap enough power to industries, and therefore not encouraging them. But, as its chairman has explained, DVC works 'with money borrowed with compound interest'; it finds itself 'occasionally in an embarrassing position by not being able to do what it might have liked to do'.

In the old days, the site of the Maithon dam was used as operational headquarters by gangs of dacoits, who worshipped at a temple known as Kalyaneswari. The temple stands about two furlongs below the dam. The worshippers died long ago, and the presiding deity in stone looks on as nature is made to turn the wheel.

Oil

The End of Fifty-fifty?

A Middle East Correspondent writes: About six months ago the Head of Public Relations in Beirut for a large western oil company said to me that it was only a matter of time before the agreements for an equal sharing of profits between the oil companies and the governments of the Middle East states would be altered in favour of the governments. He added that he thought that the country that would take the initiative would be Iran because the Shah was anxious to show himself as a nationalist leader. His predictions have come rapidly true. The Iranian Majlis passed a law allowing the nationalised Iranian oil company (NIOC) to negotiate oil deals with foreign companies or individuals. NIOC shortly afterwards came to an agreement with the semi-nationalised Italian company ENI-AGIP with extremely favourable terms for Iran. The profits are to be shared equally by ENI-AGIP and the Iranian government; but, in addition, as soon as oil is discovered in any of the three conceded areas, NIOC will share in producing it on a 50-50 basis with ENI-AGIP and so obtain half of the Italian company's share of the profits. The Iranian Government will therefore get 50 per cent and the Iranian oil company 25 per cent of the total profits. Moreover the Italians are to bear the total cost of oil exploration and, when oil is found, even lend NIOC whatever money is required to pay its proper share of the cost of producing it.

Not unnaturally the major oil companies are deeply concerned over this arrangement. IPC has a clause in its agreement with Iraq which stipulates that if any neighbouring country obtains more than 50 per cent of the oil profits Iraq will also get a rise. It is believed that Saudi Arabia has a similar arrangement with Aramco, but in any case it is certain that a new type of agreement will become general before long.

The large oil companies are doing their best to disparage the Italian-Iranian agreement. They say that Italy has not got enough capital and that it is only trying to get into the international oil cartel and will soon sell out. Howard Page, a director of Standard Oil (New Jersey), who is also trying to obtain an oil concession from Iran, has gone as far as to say that he is certain that 50-50 agreements are more satisfactory than 75-25 agreements for the oil-producing country. However, he has offered Iran large premiums merely for the concession rights.

The Italians do not appear to be very concerned by all this. They already have an agreement for Sinai oil with Egypt, similar to the Iranian one, and this is working satisfactorily for both parties. Italy is due to receive 60,000 tons of Sinai oil shortly. Now Italian technicians and oil experts are on their way to Iran to start prospecting, together with a floating steel island (Italian made) for offshore exploration in the Gulf. Her efforts to penetrate the Middle East are now assisted by the fact that Italy was not connected with Suez and her own dubious imperialist past is now forgotten. Japan is making stupendous efforts in the same direction. With support from the Japanese government and almost all leading industrialists, the Idemitsu Kosan Kaisha Company is trying to obtain oil concessions in Iran, Saudi Arabia, and possibly also Iraq. Even more than the western nations the Japanese do not want oil profits so much as the oil itself to save their foreign exchange, and they are prepared to offer even better terms than the Italians. The Iranians have a particular affection for them because Japan was the only country to break the western blockade and buy oil from Iran after the nationalisation of Anglo-Iranian in 1951.

Whatever their representatives may say in public, the big oil companies know that changes are bound to come soon. They are better informed than their parent governments on conditions in the Middle East and are prepared to adapt themselves, although they will probably hold out for as much as they can get for as long as they can. Ultimately it would be wiser for them always to keep just one step ahead of nationalist sentiment instead of using their still vast influence to try to hold it back.

What Krushchev Means

MR KRUSHCHEV'S letter – together with the Syrian appeal to the UN – has come as a shock to those who thought the Syrian crisis was over. On the contrary, he insists, there is a growing threat of war in the Middle East and he appeals to seven Socialist parties in western Europe – and specifically to the Labour Party – to oppose an alleged American plot to intervene in Syria. This is a clever move, both as propaganda and diplomacy. For it enables the Russians to come forward as the guardians of peace and, at the same time, it serves notice that they will not be bluffed out of the Middle East. Even if the Labour Party formally declines to co-operate with Moscow, the letter will have served a purpose. It has created an atmosphere of crisis, to which the exchange of threat and counter-threat between Mr Dulles and Mr Gromyko has since added, in which, willy-nilly, the West must pay attention to Soviet intentions and proposals.

The Russians, moreover, can use this cleverly-phrased message in other ways. It continues three main lines of Soviet policy. Coming after Marshal Bulganin's warnings of 'rocket retaliation' against the lesser Nato powers, it is intended to increase the growing stresses between them and the US. By making the most of Socialist opposition to the Suez crisis, and suspicions of the Eisenhower Doctrine, it implies that there is common ground between western Socialists and Moscow's diplomacy. And, finally, this firm stand for Syrian 'independence' – most Arabs will readily believe that there is an American plot – will immeasurably strengthen Mr Krushchev's claim to be the champion of the Arabs against 'western imperialism'. As political warfare, this letter could not have been better timed or more artfully drafted.

Is it only political warfare? True, Mr Krushchev can make a good deal of capital by warning that we may be 'on the brink of a new and devastating war' and then claiming the credit when Soviet diplomacy saves the peace. That is a card he can play at any time he chooses. Yet it is a card that the Russians do not play merely for effect. Whenever, in the past, they have made statements of this kind they have been prepared to back them up. And, in the light of the week's news, the West would be wise to assume that something more than bluff lies behind the propagandist appeal of this letter.

This conclusion, of course, could be drawn from previous Russian statements, and especially from last week's warning to Turkey and Jordan. In asking the Labour leaders to 'co-operate against the imperialist aggressors', Mr Krushchev is only making a tactical move. He knows perfectly well that Mr Gaitskell and Mr Bevan do not wish to appear as puppets jerking on the end of a string pulled in Moscow. He knows, too – and Lord Hailsham's arrogant speech on Wednesday underlines the point – that they cannot properly engage in quasi-diplomatic intrigues with the Russians. Their formal response is rightly to remind Mr Krushchev that, if there is a threat to peace, the place to say so is at the UN. Yet, politically, the Labour leaders are bound to agree with some of the points that Mr Krushchev has made so forcibly. They feel that much of the Eisenhower Doctrine is unwise and unworkable; that there is a real danger of war in the Middle East, if not today over Syria, then tomorrow over Israel, or Egypt or Jordan; and that it is futile to make the exclusion of Soviet influence from the area the main objective of western policy.

Since Mr Krushchev has appealed directly for their support, it has become harder, not easier, for Mr Gaitskell and Mr Bevan to argue this case. But this embarrassment does not destroy its merits. In the long run, an agreement about the Middle East must be an agreement to which the USSR is a party: it must include means of stopping the arms race and guarantees against intervention. This is what Mr Krushchev is really bidding for: the present war scare is his way of reminding the West of his price for peace.

A View of Ghana

GOLDFISH in a bowl of kaleidoscopic glass, likely at any moment to break and spill us into the outer space of infinity, we are all in some degree mixed-up kids. If we are less so than the generality of Africans, it is because we are more aware of the ingredients of the mixture. We are troubled, for instance, by the obvious contradiction between the good and evil we learned as children and our quite contrary practice of tribal warfare. The lumps of Christianity, paganism, scientific materialism, Socialism and anarchism within our western society makes a very indigestible pudding, but a pudding of a sort it is. Many Africans, suddenly educated and entrusted with their own destiny, deprived of the unifying hatred of alien rule, suffer from even greater confusion. The lumps do not coalesce at all. The morality they learned as part of a tribal family has been overlaid by the teaching of a mission school; this in its turn has been contradicted by observation of the European's disregard of his own nominal religion of peace and racial equality and by the discovery that, at least as applied to Africans, Marxist doctrine has more appeal than liberal democracy. And so, while our ideas are muddled, theirs are inchoate. They share our knowledge, are no less clever than we, and in time will build their own society, perhaps on a firmer base than we offer them from our crumbling institutions. But in the meantime – and it took us some hundreds of years to make our society – they are unpredictable. Agreeing about the advantages of toleration and parliamentary government, they suddenly suspect that this is something which has been put over them by the British. A tribal upbringing makes tolerance to a less strong opponent suddenly look absurd.

Nkrumah, endowed with a winning personality, conscious of great achievement and a still greater opportunity, inspired with a desire to make Ghana a model for the world, is beset with advice from both sides. He has liberal advisers whom he respects; he also listens to Krobo Edusei, who represents the darker side of emancipated Africa. Whom will he trust, whom will he use? The answer is not yet known, and if anyone writes with conviction about the future of Ghana you may disbelieve him. The future is not determined; it is not yet written.

I attended a CPP rally in Accra, taking my place, not among the foreign journalists, but among the very young men who made up most of the audience. Once they were assured I was not writing for the *Daily Telegraph* or *Express*, they were full of fun, anxious to talk and explain everything to me. There was a speech by the Minister of Labour; promising to say nothing inflammatory, he explained that there were plots afoot to assassinate the Prime Minister and that any show of violence against him or other CPP leaders would mean that the 'decencies would disappear' and that Ghana would have 'real dictatorship'. Then Krobo Edusei, wearing a red fez given him in Tunis, gave his famous comic turn. He would read his speech first for the benefit of foreign journalists who, oddly, seemed always to misunderstand him. After that – and how my neighbours relished the joke! – he would make another speech in his own language. His theme – the second, longer speech in the vernacular was obviously a repetition of the first in stronger, more homely terms – was exactly that of the previous speaker. Dictatorship would come to Ghana if there were any opposition violence. He was uproariously received; he has the clown's trick of finding a phrase for which everyone waits and at which everyone laughs before it is out of his mouth. Every time he waggled his stick and said 'speaking as Minister of the Interior', the audience had hysterics. Krobo was the boy for them; he would show them. The laughter was the kind that I thought could easily be switched into a mood that was not funny at all. The next item was a hymn – 'Lead, kindly light', sung readily enough by an audience which was no doubt largely composed of mission schoolboys. It was, after all, no more incongruous than the hymns we sing at some party gatherings and at recruiting meetings. A priest of the local fetish prayed in the Ga tongue and poured out libations from two bottles to the North, South, East and West. Again, though incongruous to me, no odder than our own Christian rites. In the meantime, Kwame Nkrumah had arrived with a steel-helmeted bodyguard. He told us he had come to dispel rumours; here he was, well and sane. His holiday had been devoted to planning in the interests of the people of Ghana who always came first in his thoughts. Membership of the Commonwealth was good; he had learnt much from association at the London Conference with men at the centre of world affairs. All talk of dictatorship was absurd; he would lead Ghana along the path of parliamentary democracy. (Few cheers for this from the crowd, though it was often repeated.) Ghana must be a showpiece where everyone can walk safe and unintimidated. And then abruptly his words were in line with those of previous speakers. The opposition was plotting; any attempt at assassination or violence would be ruthlessly crushed. Would it be right to allow the newly-won liberty of Ghana to be destroyed by its internal enemies and their external backers? The crowd knew the answer to that, and Kwame walked round the platform calling them to witness that he was still the man who had won their liberty and whom they could trust.

The deduction easily made by the European listener and by the leaders of the opposition National Liberation Movement was that these speeches were the careful preparation for dictatorship. Was some incident to be provoked or created, a Reichstag fire to justify a one-party dictatorship? After all, Krobo had already talked about kicking the heads of the opposition down the gutters like a football, and if he did not say just what was reported he had said something very like it; he had already deported some opponents, was introducing a bill which would give him unlimited power to put his fellow-countrymen into concentration camps, and was rumoured to be taking money from Syrian traders who feared that they would be deported. (I refer to this story, not as true, but as one of the innumerable charges of corruption against those in authority made by almost everyone I spoke to.) And had not Nkrumah himself said that everything in Ghana was quiet? Why, then, all this talk of violence and assassination? Here the foreigner finds it hard to judge. There have been murder and counter-murder on both sides. There are bodies of unemployed who can be recruited for gangster work as much by the NLM as by the CPP. No one who knows Busia, the leader of the NLM, a brilliant Oxford scholar, who has taken part in politics from a genuine concern to stem the tide which he believes is running towards autocracy, would think him a fomenter of violence. But the NLM has many discordant elements inside it, and Nkrumah seems to have been genuinely moved by the revolt among the Ga in his own area of Accra, and to be sure that this was partly fomented by the wilder spirits amongst the Ashanti. His own answer to the question of whether such threats of dictatorship are necessary is that in Ghana the government it expected to govern firmly; it will only win respect if it is stable. Parliamentary democracy will be saved if Krobo's threats frighten the opposition into renouncing plans of violence and so release him from the necessity of himself using violence.

I need not comment on the dangers of this argument. But in one respect Nkrumah's tough line has almost certainly done good. His proposed bill to make illegal any party based on tribe, religion or region has been promptly met by the opposition merging its component parts that might have come within this ban and forming a United Party with an avowed policy of preserving the constitution, freedom of the civil service and independence of the judiciary – all of which have been threatened by recent CPP utterances. The crux still lies in the remnants of 'tribalism'. The Ashanti will not easily submit to the reduction of their king, the Asantehene, to a cipher, and all over Ghana the chiefs are expressing their opposition. Whether Nkrumah is meeting this opposition in the wisest way I am not sure; why should they not be promoted to sit in the Ghanaian equivalent of the House of Lords, honoured but without power? However that may be, Nkrumah is surely right that parliamentary democracy is incompatible with tribal loyalties. The strength of the CPP lies in the measure of support it has in all the regions of Ghana. Its contempt for the chiefs may be unwise; their autocracy was tempered by tradition; they never spoke without the authority of the elders. The NLM sees all the old checks on autocracy discarded and blames the British for leaving Ghana before western guarantees of minority rights and civil liberties have won any firm hold. It will be a great step forward in Ghana if the new United Party ceases to rely on tribalism and can base itself firmly on civil rights and a constructive, economic policy.

* * *

The sort of thing that may be important in Ghana, and not understood except by personal inquiry there, was brought home to me when I saw the wording of the writ issued on behalf of the *Daily Telegraph* against Kwame Nkrumah, Geoffrey Bing and other well-known people. The writ came from the Queen by the grace of God, Ruler of Great Britain and Ireland and Head of the British Commonwealth, etc. She summoned the Prime Minister of Ghana and others to appear to answer charges made by the *Daily Telegraph*. Many Ghanaians read this as a personal intervention by the Queen on behalf of a newspaper universally regarded as hostile to Ghana. Was she not deliberately insulting their Prime Minister, and sending a special Queen's Counsel, Mr Shawcross, to humiliate him? The obvious deduction was that she considers Ghana still subordinate to Britain! It was not until I had realised that Ghanaians, unaware of the British habit of using antique legal phraseology, might really regard this as a personal and insulting intervention by the Queen that I understood why some quite influential people in Ghana talk about British interference in Ghana's affairs. It has, therefore, come as no surprise to me that Ghana has now adopted a new style in official references to the Queen and that *God Save the Queen* is not to be played at official functions.

One passage in my interview with Nkrumah, which appeared a fortnight ago in this journal, has raised controversy both here and in Accra. The Prime Minister (as the government's public statement showed) made a slip in saying that Mr Justice Quashi Idun had written to the Attorney-General (then Mr Paterson) raising the matter of contempt of court in Ian Colvin's article in the *Daily Telegraph*. Mr Quashi Idun had referred only to the case of the *Ashanti Pioneer* (the leading opposition newspaper). This inaccuracy, however, is not the important point. The question is whether such a letter from the Chief Justice requesting the Attorney-General to 'consider' whether proceedings should be taken amounts to 'advice' to the Attorney-General to do so. Both sides agree that the Attorney-General is ultimately responsible, but the government case is that it is almost invariable practice to take action when the Chief Justice writes in these terms.

I had never heard of Mr Simpson before I went to Ghana, and I have never met him. I have every reason to believe that he is an able, upright member of the legal profession, properly performing the function of adviser to the Ghana government in the capacity of Solicitor-General. The British and Ghana governments both rightly thought it desirable that English advisers should accept such civil service posts, on limited contracts, and co-operate with the Ghana government as they would if they held similar posts in Britain. As Solicitor-General in Accra, Mr Simpson must be presumed to have tendered advice to the government on such matters as the deportation of the two Muslims, the contempt charges against the *Ashanti Pioneer* and Ian Colvin of the *Telegraph*, and on the refusal to allow Mr Shawcross to return to Ghana. What his advice has been, whether it was actually invited, whether it was over-ruled or by-passed, no one outside the Ghanaian government can know, nor have the British newspapers urged him to resign. But then Mr Simpson, unlike Mr Bing, about whose advice the press is equally ignorant, is not a 'controversial', left-wing member of the Labour Party.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

London Diary

'FROM Accra to Moscow in 15 minutes by Moon', was a heading I saw in a West African newspaper. That at least prepared me for some considerable event, but I did not at first realise that the lunatic press would only discuss its military importance. The next-door gardener, who expresses, I should say, a pretty characteristic opinion, said at the week-end 'I reckon we haven't long to go. All this talk at Brighton about pensions is just a blasted waste of money, isn't it?' That was one approach; with men of science and their puppet politicians running the world, why not eat, drink and grow chrysanthemums, for tomorrow we die? Another, coming from a Socialist, was that it was crazy to spend all this money on plans for lunar travel instead of jolly well making the scientists end the poverty of the have-not countries. For my part, I wondered if young people, already excited with the idea of space travel, could not switch us all on to the possible realities of science fiction. We might even get the newspapers and wireless directors to tell the world (with the help of well-substantiated flying saucer stories) that we are about to be attacked from Mars or some other likely planet; then the nations would throw their united energies into preparing world, instead of national, defence. The *Economist* seemed last week to me to get it just wrong when it hoped that 'the threat from outer space might frighten' the western nations 'into each other's arms'. The threat should frighten the Russians scarcely less than the rest of us and the world's only chance is if it forces agreement upon both frightened giants.

* * *

In a characteristically brief speech at the Britain-Burma dinner in the House of Commons on Tuesday night, Earl Attlee spoke of the unique cheerfulness of Burma. The rest of us might bother about things whizzing around above the air, but Burma was a delight to visit because its people were so unaffectedly enjoying their passing minutes. Lord Mountbatten was equally happy in talking of the help that the Burmese under Aung San (whom, thank God, the fools among the British were not allowed to shoot) had given when it came to driving the Japanese out of Burma. The new Britain-Burma Society could not have been better announced than by Attlee, Mountbatten and Sir Hubert Rance – the three Englishmen who most contributed to Burma's independence. Tributes to this odd outbreak of British common sense also came from the Burmese Ambassador, the guest of honour, and from U Chan Htoon of the Supreme Court, Rangoon (U Nu's representative at the dinner), who had helped to draft the Nu-Attlee agreement ten years ago. Of Burma's history since then too little has been written. But we can at least follow the complex story, compiled with care and understanding by a young English lecturer. Dr Hugh Tinker was Professor of History in Rangoon during 1954-5. His *Union of Burma* is, as far as I remember, the only comprehensive study of the first ten years of any of the newly independent countries.

* * *

I felt some sympathy the other day for Mr E. R. Guest, the West London Magistrate, on the subject of inadequate maximum fines for street thugs. He was dealing with a seventeen-year-old boy who had been one of a party of toughs swearing at people and shoving them off the pavement outside a Hammersmith cinema. The party were all charged with 'insulting behaviour', the maximum fine for which, laid down in 1839, is forty shillings. 'It's people living now who have to put up with street disorder, and not their ancestors,' said Mr Guest. Of course, the youth could have been 'bound over to be of good behaviour,' required to find sureties who would guarantee (to the tune of £25 each) that he would keep his word – and sent to prison for six months if he failed. The magistrate actually told him that this was what he would get next time. Mr Guest is one of the magistrates who occasionally do this with persistent prostitutes – whose maximum fine for soliciting, also forty shillings, was laid down at the same time and in the same Act. But he now has to consider the Wolfenden Committee's view that 'since Parliament has prescribed a specific and comparatively trivial penalty for this specific offence, it is not desirable that general powers of this kind should be used to attach, in effect, an inflated penalty to this offence'. Parliament has never done anything at all about the changed money values of fines. In 1936 it did provide, in the Public Order Act, a £50 fine for 'insulting behaviour', but Mr Guest probably takes the view that this Act deals only with political offenders of the Blackshirt variety. I think a ten-pound fine might have some effect on a street hooligan next time he felt like being a nuisance.

* * *

A shocking story of the Rumanian Socialist Petrescu reaches me. He was the last of four men who led the revolt that overthrew Antonescu in 1944: Maniu and Bratianu, the Peasant and Liberal leaders, died in prison, and Patrascanu, the Communist, was executed in 1954 after a secret trial. Petrescu alone survived, though he was sentenced to hard labour for life. Then, two years ago, he was released from prison. The price of his freedom, apparently, was a letter in which he condemned his past opposition to the Communists, praised their 'Socialist achievements', and appealed to Rumanian exiles to return home to help the 'building of Socialism'. Why did he sign? No one knew. What we did know was that the Communists had offered him an important position which he refused – and that last week he died in poverty. He had been a victim of the same kind of trick that induced Nagy and his friends to leave the safety of the Yugoslav embassy in Budapest. In February 1955, Petrescu was offered his release if he would sign a letter of recantation. For six months he refused to sign. But, in November of that year, he was told that the other imprisoned Socialists would be freed if only he would sign. He signed – but only a few of the older and more enfeebled prisoners were set free. Petrescu spent his last months vainly trying to make the regime carry out its bargain.

* * *

Here from the *Straits Times* (September 16) is surely one of the best examples yet of the military mind failing to stand up to the stress of circumstances: Brigadier-General Fawaz Maher, interviewed at Singapore Airport on his way home from the Merdeka celebrations, said he was going to recommend that troops from Jordan should be sent for training in Malaya 'because there were no jungles in Jordan'. Perhaps feeling that the remark needed some elucidation, he added that he 'didn't anticipate that his men would be fighting in jungles, but the training would enable them to meet any eventualities'.

* * *

One reason why car insurance rates keep rising is the cost of repairing the minor dents and bends that anyone is liable to get in heavy traffic. Modern cars are designed for style as well as use, and one small knock can mean elaborate restoration work on the body. All the more reason, I feel, for designers to produce bumpers that offer real protection rather than another snazzy chromium line. I have heard of two or three cases recently in which friends have had their cars expensively damaged in trivial collisions merely because the bumpers on different makes of car are set at different heights. This seems stupid. Why cannot there be a single statutory height for bumpers, just as there is for tail-end reflectors? Even if old cars were not converted, at least all new models could prod each other – as they always do in the US – without wrecking radiator grilles, headlamps, steering or the back of the boot. This is a suggestion that, in their own interest, the insurance companies ought to take up and urge on both the motor industry and the Ministry.

Cheer yourself up with THIS ENGLAND. Nicolas Bentley drew the pictures for the new collection containing the 425 funniest items 1953-57. THIS ENGLAND costs only 2s. 6d. It is published by the New Statesman from Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Your newsagent and bookseller have copies.

The incorrigible Poles have been characteristically quick to break the cypher in which the satellite is transmitting its messages. 'Bleep, bleep', I'm told, was being generally translated in Warsaw last week as 'I chose freedom'.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

So the Russians have started the ball rolling! They and the Americans seem to think that they have the initiative in space flight. They are going to have a surprise when they finally make the Moon. As they alight on the lunar landscape they will have the shock of their lives—they will see a flag already there—the Union Jack. I was never more sure that the British will be the first there.—Letter in *Kentish Express*. (R. Mallone.)

Lord Hailsham said that earth satellites in the wrong hands could cause disaster instead of being a great boon.

The satellite was largely the product of Russian scientist Peter Kapitza, who was educated at Cambridge. So it was largely a triumph of British education.—*Evening Standard*. (C. S. Saunders.)

'In 1933 I wore bowler hat and spats. Now I more often wear a sports coat and flannels; that is how low we have sunk'.—Report in *Birmingham Post & Gazette*. (P. H. Brodhurst.)

Spokesman, What of the Night?

'You can't please everybody.' (Spokesman quoted in the *Evening News*.) 'We are not able to comment till the position is finalised.' (Another Spokesman, quoted in the *Evening Standard*, same date.) And so on, *passim*.

A Rip van Polo, out of China Seas,
'What news,' I asked 'on the Rialto now?
'Has Bevan broadened his phylacteries?
'And is Macmillan still the Sacred Cow?'
Meek as a penitent before a priest,
I asked what gen. the Spokesmen had released.

I wish I were a Spokesman, trained to spoke
On every spoof that agitates the press
With Delphic wisdom, using words to cloak
My vast reserves of inner emptiness
In every guarded and ambiguous hint
So reverently offered up in print.

I do not care what dress the Monarch wears
Or whether Muggeridge bonds are still at par;
I take no stock in stocks and share no shares,
No wagon fastened to a falling star;
And yet my curiosity is such
That Spokesmen interest me very much.

Lost in the wilderness of bulls and bears,
Of nuclear physics and synthetic moons,
We entertain our angels unawares
And waste applause on public pantaloons.
I searched the Abbey—but, to our disgrace,
The Unknown Spokesman has no resting place.

Yet still, in Schools of Spokesmanship, the Great
Are taught the ancient mysteries of the trade—
How to assert, deny, pontificate,
Confuse, distort, dissemble and evade;
A thousand Bleeps sweep over them in vain—
Omniscient, anonymous, they reign.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

A Sort of Club

'Its English readers call it New (or Old) Staggers and seem, from all accounts, to form a sort of club.' So writes a columnist in the *Melbourne Age* about this journal.

He continues: 'Indeed, in Australia, too, N.S. readers feel some sense of fellowship, and I understand that any two people reading it on the train between Yass and Canberra may speak without an introduction.'

This is a charming picture, and doubtless not confined to New South Wales. Each week, probably, strangers commuting between Calcutta and Barrackpore, Washington and Baltimore, Cape Town and Stellenbosch are similarly lowering their copies of the NEW STATESMAN to converse informally.

This club welcomes new members, and every present member will have friends abroad who would like to join. Here is your opportunity. This Christmas we are again inviting readers to help their friends, themselves and us by making presents of a cheap introductory subscription to the NEW STATESMAN.

Our offer is this: We will send the NEW STATESMAN to a *new* reader at any address in the world for an initial six months (26 issues) at the reduced rate of twelve shillings and sixpence—HALF the usual rate. Moreover, we will charge only thirty shillings for three such subscriptions, and at the rate of ten shillings per subscription in excess of three. Recipients of these Gift Subscriptions (who, so far as you know, should not already be buying the paper) will be notified by us and informed of the name of the donor; they are under no obligation to continue purchasing the paper after the Gift Subscription expires.

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Did Somebody Ring?

THE four thousand delegates are home. The echoes of Lord Hailsham's bell have merged into the lapping of the sea; and many shrewd politicians are beginning to wonder whether, after all, the 1957 Conservative conference at Brighton had much significance – or whether Lord Hailsham rang a bell at all. The cost of living, the trade unions, the Rent Act, all these had produced sharply worded resolutions on the order paper, just as the unsatisfactory by-election results had produced feelings of uneasy resentment in the hearts of delegates. With so much combustible material lying about, surely there would be at least a little fire.

That there was not, was due partly to the organisation of the conference itself, and partly to the Tory tendency to close ranks, or at least, mouths, when the party is in trouble. Tory constituency parties, like Labour constituency parties, are free to send in what resolutions they wish, and these are printed on the agenda; but they are much less free than their Labour counterparts to say what resolutions shall in fact be discussed. The executive, behind the scenes, chooses the resolutions on which the main debates shall take place, and the conference itself only ballots for three of the remainder. This year, the Tory executive had the grace to ignore the more sycophantic resolutions – Sir Richard Miller of Knutsford, for example, wanted to move 'that this conference congratulates the Prime Minister for upholding all that is best in the British character and tradition'. But it also ignored all the sharply worded anti-trade union resolutions for which, it became clear, many delegates were bursting to speak.

Even if the organisation had been more democratic, it is by no means certain that this latest Tory conference would have been more lively than it was. Certainly strong undercurrents did swirl occasionally to the surface. A criticism of the trade unions, some slightly contemptuous reference to the United States, the mere appearance of Mr Selwyn Lloyd, produced a quick, instinctive, 'Pavlov's dog' response. But, as quickly, the spark was doused and the delegates resumed their apparently self-imposed task of politely applauding everyone and everything. They applauded Mr Iain Macleod when he said that it was no part of their duty, just because the Socialists thought the trade unions were always right, to think in their turn that the trade unions were always wrong. They applauded Mr Duncan Sandys when he urged them to think, not just in terms of national defence, but of a world police force. They just managed to applaud Mr Peter Thorneycroft when he seemed to commit them to free trade. As for Mr John Boyd-Carpenter, in the most astute speech of the conference he managed to leave the impression that (a) the government would do nothing at all about pensions, that (b) it would raise the National Assistance scales and leave the basic pension alone and that (c) it would raise the basic pension. So he was applauded wholeheartedly by everyone. It was all very polite and proper. But it was not enough. However stage-managed a conference may be, however self-restrained may be the delegates, four thousand of them, crowded together for three days, generate a need for at least one whole-hearted explosion. In the last ten minutes, Lord Hailsham fulfilled that need.

Hailsham is something new in Tory chairmen. He makes none of the usual concessions which are Lord Woolton's stock in trade. Woolton makes an entrance, metaphorically patting heads and holding up a hand in blessing. Then, sitting on the platform, he gazes with wrapped benignity at each succeeding speaker, reluctantly withdrawing his gaze only to lead applause with pudgy fingers or to write a swift, silver-pencilled note. The note may be no more than a reminder to buy a pound of carrots for lunch; but the whole conference believes that Woolton has heard something significant and will, that afternoon, see that it is incorporated in Tory policy.

There is none of this guff about Hailsham. Slumped and paunchy in his seat, he stares moodily at the delegates, giving no more than a token flapping of his hands when a speaker finishes, throwing curt answers over his shoulders to those of the faithful who come deferentially to whisper in his ear. Where Lord Woolton oozes, Hailsham broods – until the moment arrives for his own turn. Then his twin personalities, in all their unbalance, burst over the conference – to the glory of God and the triumph of the Tory philosophy. At one moment he is the flail of the Lord chastising and correcting, in all charity but with absolute firmness, the unhappily misguided Socialists, who must surely repent before it is too late. At the next moment he is the bellringer of Barnum and Bailey ringing the Conservative fainthearts back to a belief in victory. High falutin' and vulgar by turns? Maybe. But here at last was vigour and enthusiasm and exuberant faith. Faith in what? No one was altogether certain but nearly all streamed into the Brighton sunlight like men and women remade.

Can politicians live by faith alone? The answer, of course, is that they cannot; and the truth of this latest Tory conference, as I read it, is that the Tory hierarchy has no intention of letting them try. Hailsham on his bell may make all the sounds that Tories want to hear; but behind him, doing the day-to-day job of ruling, are hard-headed men like Macleod and Sandys who are compelled by their jobs to live with the facts of life and who are more concerned to manage them than to soar into the stratosphere on the wings of Tory faith. Hailsham may blurt about trade union conspiracies and so please every retired colonel. But, for the time being, Macleod will work for an understanding between unions and government. A right-wing Conservative MP, with a sadness that I appreciated, said to me after the conference: 'The ordinary elector is more subtle than we think. In my simple way if I want Liberalism I vote Liberal. But the ordinary elector, wanting liberalism, gets it by voting Tory and Socialist alternately'. It may well be the Tory strategists intend that, through such men as Macleod, Sandys and Thorneycroft, the country shall get some sort of council-of-state middle-of-the-road liberalism but that Hailsham, barking round the constituencies, will make Conservative workers believe that they are getting real Conservatism.

Where does the Prime Minister come into all this? I heard two delegates discussing him over a drink. 'Will he be at the dance tonight?' asked one. 'Oh yes,' said the other. 'He'll be on the door, taking tickets. He's being very friendly.' Mr Macmillan's role in the Tory plan is to be very friendly, but very watchful. If the plan succeeds, well and good. If it fails, the Prime Minister, affable as ever over his port, may dial H for Toryism – and watch what happens then.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

The Taste of First Love

I HAD been ten days in Japan before I tasted First Love. In the cosmopolitan wilderness that sprawls around the emperor's palace at Tokyo I had fumbled from point to point, steering my course by the smell of the moat, the numbers on the trams, the line of the railway and the brutal shorthand of the American army. For them the chaotic beauty of Japanese topography had been reduced to an alphabet of avenues and a numerical category of streets, in signs that vandalised the highways and desecrated the map. Ungraciously I took advantage of this, a Foreign Devil myself, and cursed my benefactors for tempting me to bless them.

Down the narrow streets, away from the mechanised occidental whirlpool, the coloured signs hang like Christmas decorations; and yet it is here, in the cool bars, that you can listen all day, if you have a mind, to the classical music of the west that has taken a deep root in Japan – and all for the price of an iced coffee or a pot of green tea. For landmarks occasional notices in Roman script may help: 'Blood tests and venereal dicieces, Dr S–'. Or a school where girls like pretty children's dolls are playing, of all things, apparently baseball – though Americans assure me it is not. At the provocation of a question the eager student practises his English. ('They took it as a dead language,' an American friend explains.) Courtesy never fails, except in the lethal scramble for right of way, among motorists, or right of seat among railway passengers. You become uninhibited in co-educational public lavatories. You learn soon to bow without butting anybody behind you with your own bottom. To maintain equilibrium both hands should be free to slide down the thighs to the knees. You study timing. Alternate bowing can lead to a war of attrition, and the aim is a stalemate in which both parties bow simultaneously (honours easy).

Mr Reynolds must, of course, see a Japanese film and *Komé* is selected, better known in Britain by its simple English translation as *Rice*. The interpreter provided does his best with the Dead Language. 'This is a festival,' he explains, as the film opens with masked dancers in traditional costumes. Then, as a young girl enters her home and is greeted by a small boy, 'They go to their house,' he says, adding: 'This is her brother'. His knowledge of the Dead Language does not run to explaining what people argue or quarrel about, or why they laugh or why a girl suddenly weeps. I wanted to say: 'What is the matter?' But by then I knew the answer. ('She is crying.') The conscientious commentary continues. Cops on a launch: 'A police boat.' A woman buying two or three eels from a fisherman: 'She is an eel buyer'. A storm taxed the student's ingenuity, but he gallantly tried to explain what was afoot. 'The ship is struck by a Pole,' he said, enigmatically. At last it was all over and here at least he was on sure ground. 'The End,' he said, simply. I was sorry. It was a very good film.

But it wasn't for that, merely, that I remember *Komé*. Above all it was for the realisation of something odd as I came in. There was no smoke, but that was not all. In London I prefer the top deck of a 'bus because the smell of tobacco helps to drown that of humanity, which pervades the deck below. In this cinema I realised with a shock that there was no such smell. There they

the things they say!

Germany? Didn't know we exported chemicals there.

Indeed we do — and to America and Arabia, Spain and Siam.
In fact, to almost every country in the world.

But, surely, other industrial countries have their own chemical industries?

So they have, yet they still buy chemicals from us.

Why is that?

Often because it would cost them more to make the chemicals themselves.
Also because they need many of the new, specialised chemical products that Britain, with her chemical knowledge and experience, has been able to develop.

Good for us!

Very good for us — *and* for our balance of payments. Last year the British chemical industry sold about £250 million worth of its products abroad. That would be far more than enough to pay for all our imports of wool.

Well, that seems a fair exchange. Soda ash for sheepskins, eh?

And not only soda ash, but synthetic fibres, drugs and dyestuffs, paints and plastics.

Sounds impressive!

It certainly is. Chemicals are the third largest of Britain's exporting industries, and I.C.I. the biggest exporter among Britain's chemical companies.

ICI

all sat, the men coatless in their white shirts, so fresh and newly laundered, like so many advertisements for a detergent, and I realised suddenly that this was what had made the crowded journeys so much pleasanter than rush-hour travel in London.

For adventure, of course, there are always the taxis. Within three weeks I had been in a collision, but one of my friends in Tokyo beat that record by several days. At strategic points in the town large placards announce the killed and injured of yesterday's battle – unbelievable to anyone who has not seen it: statistics show the roads here to be ten times more dangerous than those of America. The publication of the daily mortality figures evidently does nothing to discourage drivers. Rather does it seem to stimulate a competitive spirit, so swiftly and recklessly the jostling cars hurtle past these gloomy statistics.

But if the taxi-drivers are homicidal, they are no thieves. I know no foreign city where the stranger, ignorant of the language and unfamiliar with the currency, can enjoy such complete immunity from sharks; and the cabbies are no exception to this rule. Tipping is almost unknown in Japan – a land where presents between friends are part of the ritual of courtesy. Taxis are cheaper here than in any country I know, but the trim little man at the wheel expects nothing beyond the registered fare. He will return the tip you offer (till you have learnt better) as an obvious miscount by the fumbling foreigner. Once, when I was travelling with K (the charming Japanese girl by whose company I managed to evade a repetition of the *Komé* experience), I handed our driver what I thought were 100 yen notes, but one of them was 1,000 yen – a mistake which could have cost me about 18s. in English money. As the driver handed it back to me he spoke to K and I asked for a translation. He had said, bless his heart: 'Please take care of him'.

She did, indeed. As I sweated in Tokyo – offending the nostrils, surely, of all my Japanese friends – I thought and talked of the sea. I was mostly confined to Tokyo by work and unseasonable rainfall (the effect of nuclear disturbance, in the popular view – Siberia or the Pacific according to your political taste). But at last I broke loose and went with K to her house at Hayama, overlooking a bay equipped with everything from sailing boats to diving boards.

I did not swim; but I had an experience for which westerners who have lived here many years have envied me. I was taken ill. Only K knew me. To the rest I was a complete stranger, a person of alien habits and an outlandish lingo. There I lay day and night on the bed which had been lengthened to accommodate my awkward size – like a king, as I later discovered, for instead of the usual thin mattress stretched on the floor I had three beneath me. K never seemed to sleep. If I so much as stirred she was there to shift a pillow or bring water or whatever I needed. The room, which had the air at first of being closed in on all sides, was in fact open air in all directions: its outside walls were sliding paper windows, its inside walls were sliding doors. Somewhere outside a cicada made its strange music.

The doctor, of course, had been summoned the first night. He had sat cross-legged in his socks by my bed as he examined, injected and (with K to interpret) questioned the patient. By the time a new doctor had been found, who could speak English, I knew what to expect. Family and friends now sat solemnly in a half-circle, taking the utmost interest in all that went on. If I had ever suffered from too much modesty I should have lost it in that experience. There were more injections and the doctor left after tea and a long pleasant chat with the family. I was to live on ice-cream and cold drinks. And that was how I came to drink Calpis.

It looked like whitewash, mixed too thin. It was sweet, sour and acid. The family watched as I took the first sip and they joined in my smile of surprised pleasure. 'It is the Taste of First Love,' said K. She translated, and the family laughed. It was, I learnt, a proprietary product, made from milk. As to the Taste of First Love, I regret to say that it was – and is – an advertising slogan. But where else in the world do advertising men write such poetry?

A smoker realises his recovery by the return of his vice. When that day came the vigilant K gently removed the cigarette from my hand. Not till the doctor allowed it, she said. Little Sister, who was twelve and shy and sang like an angel, seeing the patient's grief and shame went into the garden. When she returned it was with a gardenia for him to hold. Surely, she indicated, this scent was pleasanter than that of tobacco? K took her into the next room and suddenly I was listening to Chopin, to Beethoven (for a good piano was one of the few western innovations in that house) and to a favourite Japanese song which I had praised – a sad song of the sea and the desolate shore. This, too, was calculated compensation.

Recovery, for once, came too soon for my liking. Back here in Tokyo the rains have at last ended; and in the dazzling heat the traffic honks its way once more through streets which are as bad as Japanese railways are good. Men and boys on bicycles wobble among the reckless cars carrying on one up-turned palm tiers of trays, laden with plates, cups and bottles – an acrobatic feat which seems to impress only the foreigners. Again I am at large, frequently lost, in narrow streets of houses with roofs curved like scimitars, and asked improbable questions when I try to find my way. ('What *colour* is your house?') There is always something worth watching; but I long for the house where I felt gawky, oversized, oafish and somehow indelicate.

'We read the NEW STATESMAN,' said a Japanese editor, 'but we cannot understand your poems, though we have had them translated by experts.' That was nothing, I assured him, as I bowed: the English often made the same complaint. But real literature has a universality of appeal, even when it is only an advertisement. Where on this earth can I hope to find again the scent of such a gardenia, a song of such desolate pathos and the Taste of First Love?

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Fleet Street Notebook

LET us consider this week the strange case of Lord Hailsham, or how to become a potential Conservative prime minister by two speeches, a hand bell and a dip in the cold October sea. That this was likely to be Lord Hailsham's conference became clear early: to be precise, at 7 a.m. exactly on Wednesday morning of last week when he appeared on the front at Brighton in a blue dressing gown, bathing trunks and bedroom slippers. By luck, perhaps, Lord Hailsham had got himself in the front pages with a bang. He was back with a very much bigger bang indeed on Friday morning after his references to a 'conspiracy' between 'some of the more extreme leaders of the unions and some of the less scrupulous leaders of the Labour Party to sabotage our economic policy'.

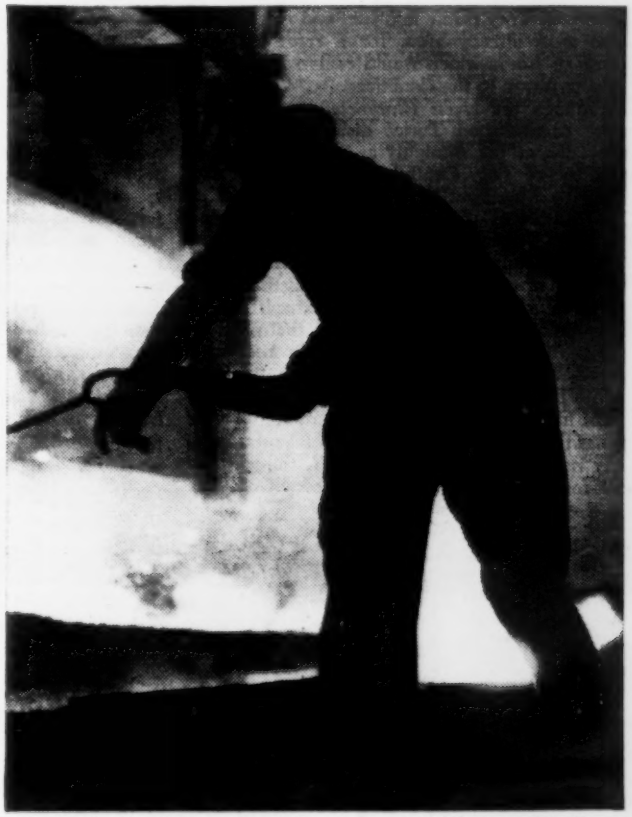
'Hailsham Warns Unions', shouted the *Daily Mail* across eight columns. 'Hailsham Slams Out', echoed the *Express* across seven. 'Hailsham Comes Out Fighting Reveals – THE BIG PLOT' screeched the *Sketch;* and, although he made only the back page of the *Mirror* (a paper long suspected of inability to assess Tory politicians at their true worth), he had no cause to complain of the prominence accorded him by both the *News Chronicle* and the *Herald*. The *Daily Telegraph* significantly was less forthcoming. Doubtful perhaps of the beneficial effect of such charges on the fortunes of Conservatives, it decided that on this occasion the chairman of the Conservative Party did not make the front page. It tucked him away on Page 16. *The Times* provided an even more fascinating example of news-judgment. It reported the fact that Lord Hailsham had spoken, rather inconspicuously down column on Page Six, and gave some extracts from this speech. But, neither in this report nor in its main Conservative conference story on the principal news page, did it so much as mention the allegations that brought Lord Hailsham such acres of head-line space elsewhere. Since it had the speech, it must have known what he said – indeed it could scarcely have missed it; for, leaving aside the fact that *Times* reporters are not normally incapable of appreciating when a politician says something remarkable, these remarks were naturally made much of in the Press Association reports. One can only assume that *The Times*, which has on several occasions recently manifested a disturbing tendency to print only what it approves of, decided to censor the Conservative chairman.

However, you can't keep a good man down. By Saturday Lord Hailsham whizzing through the stratosphere like a true-blue moon had recovered from his temporary set-back with the *Daily Mirror* and had made its front page, too. 'Hailsham Answers *Mirror's* 4 Questions,' it proclaimed, one of the answers being, No, he could not give any names; another, No, the Prime Minister did not know he was going to say what he did; and a third: 'If you have ugly thoughts about other people it is better to express them than allow them to fester'. In the *Mail*, Mr Fairlie reported with obvious and understandable displeasure that Mr Macmillan's task at the party conference was being made doubly difficult by Lord Hailsham's carryings on, that he had succeeded in spreading envy and dismay among his colleagues and that a 'Hailsham for Prime Minister' movement had actually begun – 'although it should not be taken too seriously'. For his money, added Mr Fairlie with a show of spirit and common sense which has recently been lacking from his column, so far from being a potential prime minister Lord Hailsham was a menace to the Conservative Party. Menace or no, by the Sunday there was little doubt in a good part of Fleet Street that he was just what the Conservatives had ordered.

His performance with a hand bell plus his ability to misquote Donne had set the seal on his triumphs. He 'has established himself as the dominant personality not only of the conference but of the whole Tory Party', announced the *Sunday Express*, adding 'many delegates . . . are seriously discussing the possibility of Lord Hailsham being the next prime minister'. 'Lord Hailsham has certainly been the central figure of the conference' reported the *Observer*; the *Sunday Times* commented on 'the high pitch of enthusiasm' to which he had aroused the party conference, and the *Sunday Dispatch* disclosed with every sign of pleasure that he had almost

Scunthorpe gave European rivals something to think about

"We'll have to get busy to keep up with you," said these German experts touring Britain's modern steel works



Tapping the giant "Queen Anne" blast furnace, which has one of the largest hearth diameters in the world. In 1951 Appleby-Frodingham made 18,000 tons a week from ten blast furnaces. Now they make 28,000 tons from four.

THE BRITISH run themselves down; it's a national characteristic – or perhaps it should be called a national failing. Not unnaturally, people overseas accept our own estimate of ourselves: rather lazy, rather behind the times, rather complacent; not a patch on the Germans, of course, when it comes to work.

The German industrial journalists who toured British heavy industry earlier this year may have had some such curious notions. Certainly many suspected that the comparative cheapness of British steel was due to some form of hidden subsidy, rather than to efficient operation. When they actually saw us at work they quite frankly confessed their astonishment.

Let's look at ourselves as these others see us, in – for example – the Steel Industry.

They know what they're talking about

These men are experts on industrial questions and economics. They asked innumerable questions. They never stopped taking notes. The steel works they saw were Appleby-Frodingham at Scunthorpe and Dorman Long at Lackenby, near Middlesbrough (which "puts the newest American steel works in the shade," wrote one). They came away deeply impressed – and convinced that at home they will have to get busy to keep pace with us.

They watched the tapping of the great blast furnace "Queen Anne", which has one of the biggest hearth diameters in the world. They saw open hearth furnaces – where iron becomes steel – that can pour 300 tons of molten steel into huge ladles, 100 tons at a time. They saw a new rolling mill project, £20 million worth – three thousand feet long, covering more than 28 acres under a single roof. They saw an ore excavator whose shovel will hold a saloon car, with room to spare.

They were impressed by our plant, its design and operation, and the way it is integrated – and by the scale of planning and investment in it. One described the three-fifths of a mile long rolling mill at Lackenby as "having a beautiful dynamism." They were amazed by what Appleby-Frodingham are able to achieve with very low grade ore – ore which very few iron-masters in the world would think worth using, but which at Scunthorpe, thanks to special treatment, supports a thriving town. And one wrote, on his return to Germany, of our "amazingly low figures of coke consumption."

"Such cordial informality"

They were amazed by our workpeople. "What fine workers you have. There was an impressive intentness and thoroughness about your steel operatives." Above all they were impressed by our labour relations. "Never before have I seen such cordial informality between workers and management, especially in steel. The goodwill was so potent, so free and easy."

In the article he wrote as a result of his visit, one of these journalists summed up in these words. "*The current level of costs and prices allows the British Steel Industry not only to face Continental competition without concern, but in fact . . . producers on the Continent will hardly be able to compete.*" The British Steel Industry, he says, "*can easily retain its lead over the Continent in modernization and expansion.*"

Our visitors took back with them a picture of efficiency and enthusiasm at every level. The Steel Industry believes it is a picture that people in this country ought to see too – that everyone in Britain should know the *facts* about steel.

ISSUED BY THE BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION

certainly dished Mr Thorneycroft's chances of being next Tory prime minister, and that discussions were already afoot for a reform of the House of Lords which would enable Lord Hailsham to return to the Commons.

Although the *News Chronicle* remarked that 'more sophisticated Tories dislike his constant invocation of the Almighty as a sort of new recruit to the Tory Central Office', there was no doubt by Monday that 'Hailshamism' (to quote the *Mail* across three and a half columns) had got Fleet Street on its toes. Even *The Times*, although naturally not referring to the new enthusiasm of the herd, felt itself constrained to defend him against critics of the attack on the trade unions it had not reported the previous Friday. 'Lord Hailsham's speech on the trade unions,' pronounced its leading article, 'in itself did no harm. There is merit in being frank.' (It seems to be a fairly frequent assumption of *The Times* these days that, although *The Times* has a duty not to tell its readers certain things, they will fortunately find out about them from less high-minded papers – possibly the *Mirror* which, according to readership surveys, some 30 per cent of them take.)

As for the *Mail*, Mr Fairlie might have been worried on Saturday; his colleague, the *Mail's* political correspondent, who had been reporting the conference, showed no such dubiety on Monday. 'The contrast between the sparkling performance of Lord Hailsham and the sober disappointing finale of the Prime Minister himself was,' he reported, 'so marked that Hailshamism has come about by spontaneous combustion.' Adding its pebble to the pile, the Londoner's Diary of the *Evening Standard* reported that gramophone records of the principal conference speeches would soon be ready for the devoted and added that advance orders already showed Lord Hailsham to be far and away the best seller. I seem to remember that some time back Mr Macmillan appointed Dr Charles Hill to the Cabinet to advise him on public relations. It begins to look as if he and Charlie Boy ought to get together.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

War Games

Platoon HQ in a forward battalion. L/Cpl Toynbee, P., from his advanced observation post, has just reported a strong concentration of Blue Army troops in the vicinity. A mile or so to the right, Colonel Crossman has announced he is already engaging a column of the 'New Obscurantist' Brigade. On the left, Brigadier Sartre, O/C Allied Forces, signals that he is in difficulties. Sitting on an upturned orange-juice crate, Major Biggs-Smith, who served with distinction under General Webb in the Twenties, is discussing the situation with the Platoon Commander, Lieutenant Carruthers, a young veteran of the Laski Irregulars. They have just heard a very alarming report: Marshal Bevan is a prisoner-of-war and may be treating with the enemy. At this moment, Corporal Tom Maschler arrives with the latest batch of recruits; he hands their documents over to Carruthers.*

BIGGS-SMITH: Got to be careful in selecting this lot, Carruthers. Some of the ones they've been sending us recently caught Beaver's Disease and went over to the enemy. Trouble is, they pay more. Well, who's the first?

CARRUTHERS: Doris Lessing, Sir. Roman Catholic education, ten years of Communism, transferred to us suffering from Hungarian shell-shock. Bit over-age for this lot, but then years in the C.P. don't count. Five novels, goodish. The Divisional Psychiatrist, Dr C. P. Snow, says he's prepared to 'bet heavily' on her. She has sound views on Chinese, Indians, Africans; says we'll be impoverished by cutting ourselves off from the Communist third of mankind. Admits things are difficult, just now, but thinks that if the writer makes the imaginative effort to comprehend change, then despair and self-pity can be conquered. Claims she has a still, small voice, but speaks for the inarticulate many.

BIGGS-SMITH: Excellent. Can she shoot?

CARRUTHERS: Oh, yes, Sir. Writes very well: in fact I was quite moved by her piece.

BIGGS-SMITH: Good, put her down as a rifleman, then. Next?

CARRUTHERS: Colin Wilson, Sir. His training sergeant reports: 'An unruly case, but no use giving him CB. Virtually immune to punishment, critical or physical. Joined the ranks with recommendation for a commission from Captain Connolly (Rtd) but failed to justify expectations. On his own admission, writes letters to the press'.

BIGGS-SMITH: Barrack-room lawyer, eh? Can't have that. Next thing we know he'll be writing to his MP.

CARRUTHERS: Yes, Sir. And he seems to have read Shaw, Spengler and Toynbee either too soon or too late. In consequence, says our civilisation is in decline and is therefore challenged to produce 'a higher type of man'. I don't like the sound of that.

BIGGS-SMITH: Neither do I. Anything else?

CARRUTHERS: Yes, Sir. He writes: 'So we want a room in which we can lock ourselves tightly, and barricade the windows and bar the doors. Then experience pounds harmlessly outside, like volleys of wind, and we can sleep'.

BIGGS-SMITH: That puts a different complexion on things. There speaks the authentic voice of first-class Pioneer Corps material. Put him on fatigues, but don't give him a rifle yet. Next?

CARRUTHERS: John Osborne, Sir. Sound, pubsy working-class background, no inhibitions, hates religion, middle class, Tories, Suez and royalty. Excellent sense of timing, splendid parade-ground voice and superb command of invective.

BIGGS-SMITH: Perfect. Make him the platoon sergeant immediately. Next?

CARRUTHERS: John Wain, Sir. Welfare State upbringing, then pedagogy. Wrote a good first novel, but nothing much since. Says he believes art should be serious and that writers should work hard and hasten slowly.

BIGGS-SMITH: Seems to know what's wrong with himself, then. Well, if he really believes it, put him down as a probationary rifleman. By the way, where's this Amis I hear so much about?

CARRUTHERS: He's not in the group, Sir. It says in the Introduction that he refused to join because he suspects anyone 'who wants to buttonhole me about my role in society'.

BIGGS-SMITH: Fiddlesticks! We're not asking for volunteers. What do we have conscription for? Send him his papers. Next?

CARRUTHERS: Kenneth Tynan, Sir. Used to be Kenneth Peacock Tynan, but he's dropped the middle since undergraduate days. Seems a bit unnecessarily pro-American – in fact he's had himself photographed in this book against a background of Coca-Cola bottles. Brilliant marksman: his essay is far and away the best. The NCOs down at the training depot thought he was a bit of a lightweight, but he's vastly improved since he went on that course at the *Observer* small-arms school. He now asks for a society 'Where people care more for what you have learned than for where you learned it; where people who think and people who work can share common assumptions and discuss them in the same idiom; where art connects instead of separating people. . . '. Question is, does he *believe* it?

BIGGS-SMITH: We'll soon find that out in action. Give him a rifle.

CARRUTHERS: Next is Bill Hopkins, Sir. Has a grave handicap to begin his career with: Private Wilson says he's the only other genius alive besides himself. The fact is, he's rather a dark horse. His first novel is due to appear in a few weeks' time, but I can't make head or tail of his piece in this book – except that it shows he's a very poor shot.

BIGGS-SMITH: Well, hold him down at depot until his book comes out.

CARRUTHERS: Next is Lindsay Anderson, Sir. A good lefty from a middle-class background. Makes films about foot-and-mouth disease and slums. Thinks that liberal day-dreams are no good, that we should all get out and push. A good party man: 'All points of view are *not* equally right, and to suppose that it is somehow narrow-minded to opt for one consistent line of action rather than for all policies simultaneously is the shortest way to render oneself politically ineffective'. Unfortunately – I hardly like to mention this, Sir – he has some hard things to say about the NEW STATESMAN.

BIGGS-SMITH: What! Insulting the regimental mag? Mutinous swine!

CARRUTHERS: But Sir, isn't that just what it stands for?

BIGGS-SMITH: Quite right, Carruthers, I was forgetting myself. Make the fellow a corporal.

CARRUTHERS: Finally, Sir, there's Stuart Holroyd. Only 24. He published his first book, *Emergence from Chaos*, this year. It didn't do so well as *The Outsider*, but everyone who actually read it says it was much better. Says he was an agnostic in his teens, 'when I had not yet liberated myself from my inherited humanist thought-habits'. Doesn't believe in representative government. He says: 'Waking up consists first of all in waking up to oneself (religious awakening), and only secondarily in waking up to the world (political awakening). This should always be the sequence: first organise yourself, and only then consider yourself sufficiently mature to attempt to organise the society'.

BIGGS-SMITH: Well, has *he* organised himself?

CARRUTHERS: I don't think so, Sir. He says that in his next two books he's going to 'broaden and deepen the definition of religion by returning to its dynamic centre in the human psyche'.

BIGGS-SMITH: We haven't got time to wait for that. Send him back to depot. Next?

CARRUTHERS: That's the lot, Sir, except for a word of thanks to Corporal Maschler for getting them all on parade.

BIGGS-SMITH: Good. Not a bad little bunch, all in all. Don't seem to like each other much, but then that's all to the good. Remember the regimental motto: 'Strength is disunity'. But most of them could do with a sharp course of arms drill. The balloon will be going up any minute.

CARRUTHERS: By the way, Sir, are these just manœuvres or the real thing?

BIGGS-SMITH: That, Carruthers, is what we never know until they start.

PAUL JOHNSON

* *Declaration.* Edited by TOM MASCHLER. *Macgibbon & Kee.* 18*s.*

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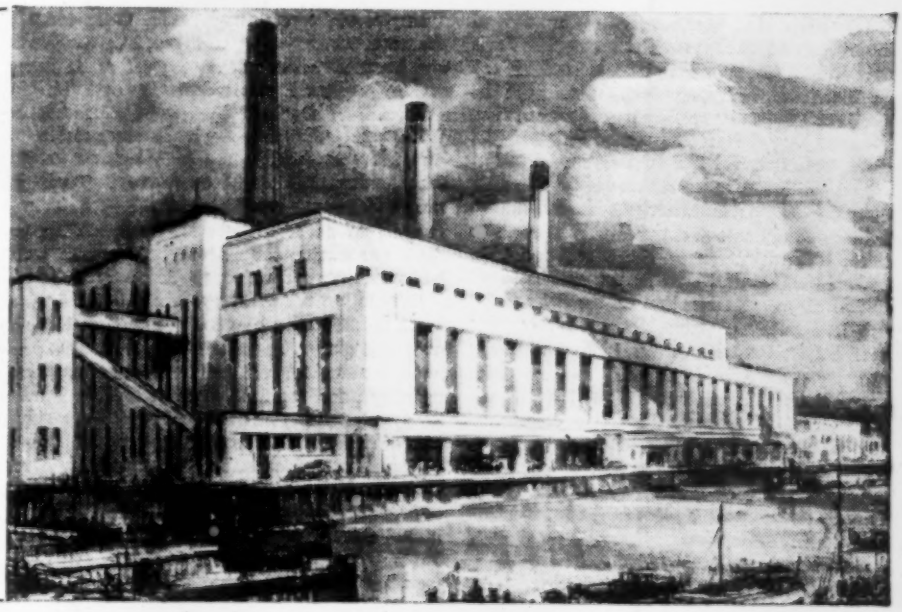

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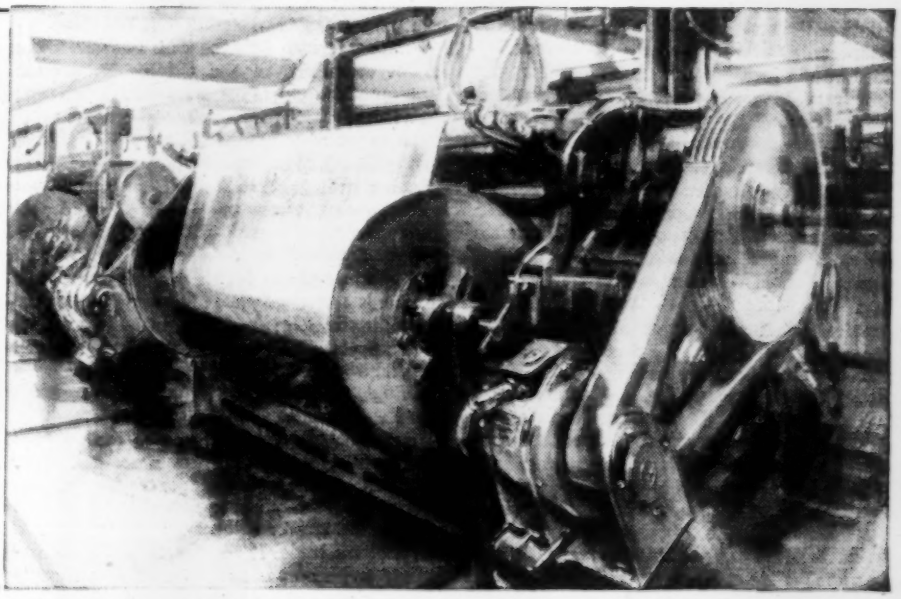

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The Arts and Entertainment

Craft and Inspiration

LAST week I heard two important new works: at the Festival Hall the Seventh Symphony of Edmund Rubbra, and at the Salle Pleyel in Paris Stravinsky's *Agon*, a ballet not yet seen on the stage. Each was intensely characteristic of its author: the English symphony lyrical, ruminative, deep-breathed; the Russo-international ballet brilliant, objective, brief, a step or two ahead of the latest fashion. I mean no disrespect to either composer. Spareness and brevity are as natural to Stravinsky as richness and the long paragraph to Rubbra; Stravinsky can no more help being in the swim than can Picasso or the Duchesse de Guermantes, whereas Rubbra, by the laws of his nature, is as sublimely unfashionable a composer as ever lived. Both works were full of interest; but I enjoyed the Symphony more, either because I grow old and should wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled (Stravinsky has never considered rolling his), or because – as I naturally prefer to believe – Rubbra's No 7 is the best of his large-scale works, whereas *Agon*, for all its fascination, will hardly occupy such a place in the total output of Stravinsky.

It must in fairness be added that I heard *Agon* under poor conditions: in the back row of the stalls, buried beneath a low ceiling, in equatorial heat and airlessness. Had it been Messiaen or Bruckner, one would simply have fallen asleep. Stravinsky makes sure that we shall not do that. *Agon* (whose title implies a 'contest' without dramatic significance), finely played by the Südwestfunk Orchestra under the composer's direction, lasts a little longer than the 20 minutes specified in the score; but it consists of seventeen distinct numbers, so that – as the mathematically-minded reader will readily grasp – nothing goes on for very long. The scoring offers another feature of extreme diversity. There is a long list of instruments required, but they never play all together: a different group is used for each piece, and the instrumentation, like the composition itself, is unremittingly spare. Often the effect resembles the closing stages of a game of solitaire: a few single moves with widely spaced notes of contrasting colour – a harmonic on solo double-bass, a flutter-tongue on the trumpet, a muted staccato note on the bass trombone – and suddenly the board is clear. At once the dancers reassemble, and the coloured balls are distributed into a new and equally elegant pattern.

It is all very dazzling, very neat and in its way very wonderful: Stravinsky's consummate mastery in the manipulation of timbres and the spacing of sonorities has never been more convincingly demonstrated. Yet it seemed to me that the spare inclined, now and then, to verge on the scrappy; and that the stylistic discrepancies were a little too noticeable. *Agon* has been rather more than three years in composition, with a biggish gap somewhere in the middle; it ranges from the composer's most recent type of diatonic neo-classicism to sections employing a serial technique; and these predominate heavily in the later stages of the work. The most impressive, longest and most serious section of the score is an adagio *Pas-de-deux* which might be construed as a gesture of posthumous homage towards the near neighbour, Arnold Schönberg, of whom Stravinsky saw little or nothing in life. Elsewhere there are highly imaginative, infinitely subtle and delicate discoveries of texture; but little melodic invention of the kind that we loosely call inspired.

Inspiration is a romantic and sadly unscientific term which would be derided by Stravinsky and his more ardent followers; yet we all recognise in music the presence, or absence, of what Strauss called the '*melodischer Einfall*' and Henry James the '*donnée*'. Such an inspiration, in Stravinsky himself, is the high bassoon solo in the opening bars of the *Sacre*, or the swinging theme in the last movement of the *Symphony of Psalms*; in general, however, he is a composer more remarkable for marvellously precise workmanship than for visionary gleams of this kind.

Rubbra, on the contrary, is a composer whose mind is filled with heavenly notions of which he does not always make the best. Like Bruckner, he is famous for the beauty of his symphonic openings; and the first pages of his No 7 are as lovely as anything he has ever composed, a simple idea of rising semitones and dropping fifths slowly germinating and expanding as though by a process of nature. Hitherto, these visions of felicity or wonder have tended, in the process of contrapuntal elaboration, to fade gradually into the light of common day; but on this occasion, as we moved from the enchanted Lento opening to the following 6/8 Allegro, the magic held. As before, the structure is essentially self-generative, without those elements of drama and conflict normally found in sonata form; but a fresh attention to texture, a greater sensuousness of surface, and in particular a beautiful use of various kinds of ticking or thrumming effects – now for harp, now on the drums, now in the lower strings – lend a charming variety and aeration to the sound.

In the following Scherzo with two Trios there lingers something of the old Rubbra stolidity. Two outer movements of deliberate pace demand something brisk at this point, and just that was to be expected from the marking *Vivace e leggiero*. The actual impression, however, was neither light nor lively, and suggested that the composer needs dancing lessons quite as badly as Mr T. S. Eliot. The most notable section of this Scherzo was the unashamedly slow second Trio; here the master firmly closed his thick study door on the children's party, and gave himself up to the serene meditation which suits him best.

The finale, as richly romantic as the first movement and almost as fine, is a passacaglia with a cunningly fashioned and fruitful theme, leading into a short and impressive fugue, and concluding with a coda of complete tranquillity. The whole Symphony is remarkably unruffled; it is written with full confidence and independence of spirit; and it makes a rare impression of being *all* music, without the usual approaches and trimmings and tricks of the trade. It was played with much sensitivity and beauty of tone by the City of Birmingham Orchestra under their new and highly musical conductor, Andrzej Panufnik.

The Philharmonia Orchestra began during the weekend an immense cycle of Beethoven conducted by Otto Klemperer, in the course of which almost all the major works are to be given, many of them twice. Sunday's programme opened with a performance of the *Leonora No. 1* Overture which at once bore out the now general view that no other living conductor has so sure and complete a grasp of Beethoven's mind. Unhappily, the Violin Concerto did not come off so well. The soloist, Tossy Spivakovsky, was immensely applauded last season for his performance of the Sibelius concerto; but either Beethoven or the occasion had unnerved him. He made his first entry – that supremely dramatic moment – like a man slipping in through the side door because he is not sure that his papers are in order. His tone is agreeable, and his style supple, but neither has the breadth and serenity here required; and his intonation was often at fault. Doubtless on another occasion he will do better justice to his talents. After the interval security returned in the shape of Dr Klemperer's now familiar and classical interpretation of the *Eroica* Symphony. It was a performance remarkable for the rich blend of orchestral tone, and for the unhurried majesty with which each of the huge movements was carried through to its appointed end.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Mr Amis Regrets

IN the June-July number of *Encore*, the theatre bi-monthly which I mentioned recently, there was a highly stimulating article by Mr Kingsley Amis, in his best intellectual teddy-boy style, on why he doesn't like the theatre ('Give me a good film any day is what I say, or even a not-very-good film'). What it amounted to was that he was put off by all the *chichi* surrounding the theatre, and he found three main forms of it. There was a lot of pure theatrical *chichi* to start with – too many highpitched voices neighing with a false intimacy about taste and personalities. This he felt rather than knew to be so. Then there was a lot of highbrow pseudo-literary *chichi* at the moment: and he instanced the praise given to *Under Milkwood* which he describes as 'a tissue of irresponsible whimsy, indeed the biggest quasi-theatrical sham of recent years'. Then he continues the now fashionable attack on O'Casey: 'I am discouraged to think that among the most intelligent and progressive critics of any play I might write would be people who took their notions of the sublime from O'Casey'. The highbrow favourites now are Brecht and Beckett and 'Nothing would persuade me to see their plays performed'. Our best dramatist in his opinion is Mr Rattigan. 'I feel that most clever young men would deride this view. And I feel that in the event of my writing a play it would be Rattigan, if anybody, whom I would take as a guide. I find the problems he poses interesting, and his presentation of them devoid of fuss and pretentiousness. These are rare qualities.'

Mr Amis certainly couldn't take a better model, and he will, if he does come to write that play, find a good deal more than these negative qualities in Mr Rattigan's technique. On the other hand the highbrows have their function, and there is little danger of the theatre being captured by the precious few. Theatre by its nature is less able than any other art form, as I have often argued in these columns, to cut itself off from the main stream and stew in its more recondite juices. There aren't, quite simply, enough highbrows to go round.

Mr Amis's other objection to the theatre is the social *chichi* which goes with it, and here I think he has put his finger on something very radical. How many people, I wonder, are put off going to the theatre by social considerations? The cinema is so much easier, so much more informal. You can slop in at any time, scattering your peanut shells and curl yourself round your girl, and if the film's a dud, you can hope the girl isn't. But going to the theatre is a social occasion, or anyhow a social act, and does require some social sense and more consideration for other people.

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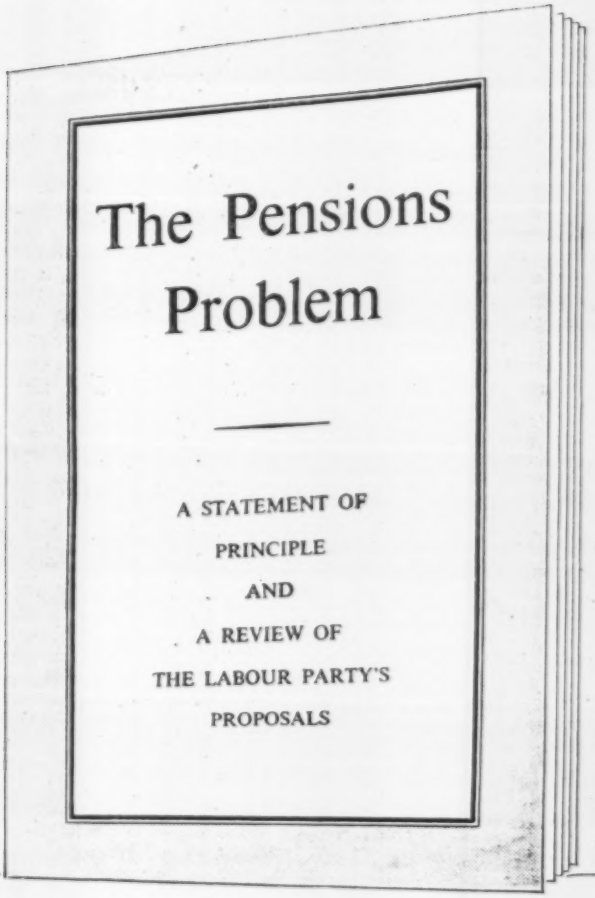

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Heaven knows there are enough anti-socials in the present theatre audience – teacup-rattlers, latecomers, chocolate-paper-scrunchers – without adding to them the particular vices of cinema addicts.

But if theatre-going is a social occasion, it needn't be a forbidding one, and it is up to the front of house management in the theatres to make it as pleasant and easy as possible, remembering that a generation is coming along to whom the experience is new and perhaps may be a little intimidating. If the theatre is to survive, it will survive not by virtue of the old class of patron – far too few of whom can any longer afford the price of a seat. It will survive by catering for, and drawing in, a new audience and making it feel that the theatre is worth paying more for than the cinema, both in money and trouble.

Naturally in appealing to this new audience the front of house management is only a small factor (but a not unimportant one). It is up to the managers (under the present system) to be alert to the new audience and its interests and to provide for them. This is by no means an easy thing to do, and I estimate that there is only one management in London at the moment who seems to be even trying to move with the times (just as Mr Osborne is the only playwright who is extending the audience at the moment). It is much easier for managements simply to overlook the new audience and play safe with the old. Take, for instance, Miss Lesley Storm's new comedy at the Phœnix. There are still enough of the older class of playgoers with money to spend to keep this sort of thing running happily and profitably, when it is as good of its kind as this is. But one cannot imagine Mr Amis and the new world he represents discovering the theatre as a new interest in life by being taken to see *Roar Like a Dove*. It's just, Mr Amis might reasonably say, the same old thing. Here you may see the upper classes going through their old comedy routine with just a mildly new twist. The new twist consists of contrasting the English upper classes with the American upper classes and laughing cosily with, rather than at, both. There is a slight additional interest given by a clever comedy performance from an American actress, Miss Evelyn Varden. But as she acts in the high old English comedy style, it isn't much of an addition. Mind you, pieces like this have an honourable place in a commercial theatre and the old guard have as much right to their pleasures as the new. But we'd better recognise that such plays are, so to speak, living on capital.

Nor, I fancy, would Mr Amis, etc., be converted to theatregoing by a visit at the other end of the scale to the Royal Theatre, Stratford, where Theatre Workshop are staging a first play about building workers by a building worker. To my surprise (as I must confess) I found this much more enjoyable than *Roar Like a Dove*. But the only really modern and different thing about it is the touch revealed by what must be the first credit title in the English Theatre to read: 'Concrete mixer by Winget'. The set – a country building site of some few years ago – is a brilliant piece of stagecraft by John Bury. Mr Amis might find a little too much O'Casey hanging round the play, and the author, Mr Henry Chapman, could certainly learn a very great deal from Mr Rattigan. But the play has the virtues of its defects. It is innocently inexpert, and it is innocently fresh. The types who are gathered together to build these council houses are nicely observed and differentiated. Nothing much happens; there is a feeble attempt to organise them into a union, and naively they create for themselves a slightly less higgledy-piggledy mess than they started out with.

But this isn't a romanticised social message play. Its title – *You Won't Always Be On Top* – is a technical building phrase not a socialist spouter's one. The play meanders through some working-class types. And the Theatre Workshop company succeed in the task, very difficult to the English acting tradition, of bringing them to a genuine life. These characters are humorous rather than laughable for a change, as they go about their day-by-day jobs, scrimshanking, larking, quarrelling. Joan Littlewood has plainly done a lot of work in pulling the scattered fragments of the play together and to some considerable effect; but not enough, I should guess, to tempt Mr Amis away from his even not-so-very-good films.

Miss Joyce Grenfell, who is giving a new edition of her one woman show at the Lyric, Hammersmith, makes an admirable text for winding up my sermonette. She is within her very limited range a real artist who has considerably enlarged her technique since we last saw her. There are three types of English middle-class women whom she hits off to perfection. And since she has a safe and solid audience among the older type of playgoer who enjoy her mild satire of themselves, she can go on doing the same thing for quite a while yet, and still draw them in. What would be exciting would be to see her extend her range both of types and of the situations in which they found themselves so that they reflected today not the day before yesterday. We would then see her extending her audiences (in both senses) as well.

T. C. WORSLEY

Percussion Always Helps

UNLIKE most children and some adults, I do not like being read aloud to. Poetry, especially, I prefer to take in through the eye as well as the ear – except, indeed, for some great, and already familiar, set-piece, exceptionally aural in its impact, Gielgud's *Wreck of the Deutschland* or something like that.

This handicaps one in listening to radio poetry-reading; and it was with some hesitation, but also in the fairly sure expectation of hearing verse of quality, that I switched, on Sunday night, from the third of six instalments of Hugh Gibb's and Tom Harrisson's fascinating anthropo-zoological film series, *The Borneo Story*, on BBC television, to Mr Christopher Logue's Third Programme reading of his own poems, under the title *Committed Poetry*.

I had already realised that this was not going to be just a 'straight' reading; for the *Radio Times*, giving the names of three readers besides Mr Logue, had added 'Guitar, Cy Grant; Percussion, Tony Kinsey'. The title of the programme was, of course, significant; and Mr Logue first let off a series of bangs, in prose, (a) at those who write disparagingly of 'minor' poets (Skelton, Sidney, Vaughan? . . . and, he naughtily added, Hardy, Eliot, and Empson), and (b) at contemporary minor, or rather 'popular', and uncommitted poets who 'drag their flat-chested, asthmatic muse, from posy to gewgaw, forcing her nose into the neat piles of rubbish they have selected for inspiration'.

This was lively militant stuff, reminiscent in tone, to older listeners, of *Blast* or *Wheels*. But Mr Logue had still to prove himself. As he himself said, 'Being a poet in times of distress, the small man had better stretch or hide himself'. He chose to stretch.

He wisely began with a simple Aesopian anecdote, *The Song of the Ass*, read in a voice which sounded like that of a young girl and prefaced by a chord from a Bach sarabande. Then came a long narrative poem, largely in dialogue; then a moving short poem, already known to NEW STATESMAN readers, about a National Serviceman posted to 'an island Where the Queen of Love was born'; lastly, Logue's own autobiography in verse – committed poetry if any ever was:

> . . . Home, I climbed my gazebo in Dorsetshire to see
> How far my mind's eye pierced the sun's hot infinity,
> And saw, instead of self, the lit peninsulas of Asia glint
> In our backyard. The red spark scratched into my eye.
> If men rebel I must rebel with them. Step out
> My hoity mates into the common time. And the sea got dark.

It is not for me here to assess Mr Logue's achievement, and promise, as a poet. (Personally, I would put it pretty high.) As radio, I found his poems, punctuated and enriched as they were – but never too obtrusively – by the sounds of guitar and drums, riveting and magical.

* * *

A totally different sort of experiment in words and music, earlier the same evening on BBC TV, set Fleet Street in a great flap next morning (about 'taste' and 'reverence'!). This was a low Mass with music from a well-appointed Anglican church, St. Augustine's, Highgate – the music being that of Fr Geoffrey Beaumont's well-known (except to Fleet Street) *Twentieth-Century Folk Mass*. Again, I am not competent to judge the musical value of this Mass; it seems to me to have too many echoes of Tin Pan Alley, even of Novello, and to be related too remotely to, *e.g.*, genuine calypso or blues, to be entitled to the word 'folk'. But the basic idea is obviously sound, and it is this, however perfectly or imperfectly realised, which enrages and shocks Philistine newspapers: like the Victorian statesman, they can't stand having religion mixed up with everyday life – it must be remote, other-worldly, a picturesque medieval blur.

At least this service made more unusual television than one of those religious discussion programmes in which well-meaning parsons always answer the same naive questions. (How many times does an answer have to be given before it sinks in?) My only criticism of it would be that, because the music was supposed to have the interest of novelty, we saw rather too much of the musicians and singers and (except during the Canon) rather too little of the priest at the altar. There was an effective shot of a large Calvary at the appropriate place in the Creed; some hot percussion here, too. The cantor, John Alldis, who has a pleasant light voice, seemed uncomfortably aware of the ubiquitous cameras: the priest, Fr Gerald FitzGerald, was admirably composed, collected, and impersonal, and performed the manual acts with professional dexterity. These were more visible than usual, since Fr FitzGerald took the so-called 'basilican' position, whose only disadvantage is that, each time he genuflects, the priest becomes momentarily only a bodiless head. The rite was almost entirely that of 1662, 'comfortable words' and all, but without incense and, in general, of the utmost austerity. No biretta was to be seen: in this context, a 'Fortescue' chasuble might have been more appropriate than the elegant fiddleback worn by Fr FitzGerald. Two boys in Scout uniform served, and also acted as taperers – a slightly Gallican deviation. Fr Groser – already known to viewers through his appearances in *Is This Your Problem?* – preached a simple expository sermon. There were about seventy communicants. The

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programme-schedule pressed: the blessing was given sooner than it would normally have been.

This programme began at 6.30 on Sunday night. It seems clear that, if the programme-companies (with the BBC tagging along) have their way, the Evensong truce will go the way of the toddlers' truce. I imagine that there will be protests from the clergy; few of them can lay on anything to compete with TV religion at its most compulsive.

TOM DRIBERG

Very English

SHOWING at the Odeon, Leicester Square, in the same programme as *Robbery Under Arms*, and shortly to go into current release, is a twenty-minute documentary called *Journey Into Spring*. Produced by the British Transport Commission's film unit, this is a colour film shot at Gilbert White's Selborne; it shows the progress of the year from the bare boughs of winter to the luxuriance of early summer; it shows frogs mating, moles burrowing, small birds being fed. It is beautifully photographed (by Paddy Carey). And yet I must admit I react against this picture violently.

I have a feeling that to explain this reaction is going to be difficult. For *Journey Into Spring* is well and truly in the contemporary 'established' tradition of British documentary – the tasteful, prestige division of the school, that is to say, which (as opposed to purely technical and instructional works) 'aim at a more lyrical quality, by setting out to describe the beauties of the English countryside in films such as *The England of Elizabeth* and *Journey Into Spring*, in which colour, background music, and the spoken commentary are combined with admirable skill and with great effect'. Comment of this kind (my quotation is from a notice in *The Times*) makes one realise how flabby and how conventional is the general expectation with which critics now confront documentaries – and how exactly a film like this satisfies such expectations. Miss Powell, for instance, in the *Sunday Times* was 'entranced' by its 'affectionate inquiry into the vernal ways of the mole' and Miss Lejeune hits a nail more squarely on the head than perhaps she intended to with her summing-up – 'a particularly nice little, very English film. . .' To condemn such simple pleasure is perhaps rather like pointing out the bad drawing, cheap colouring and general sentimentality of the calendar design which your maiden aunt so fondly admires. It doesn't do any good ('Oh you're exaggerating . . . Well, I still like it whatever you say'), and it only upsets her. But one can't stop trying.

Not that the parallel is quite exact. *Journey Into Spring* is undynamic, ordinary in conception, and without the slightest touch of personal feeling; it is ornamented by one of those terrible 'poetic' commentaries which tries to supplant the images on the screen with 'literary' fancies of its own (Mr Laurie Lee is responsible for this); in any real sense it is wholly *un*lyrical. All the same, by conventional standards of technique, it is a job well done: everything joins together nicely, the soundtrack is well laid, and as I say, the photography is excellent. But it is still legitimate to ask – is this enough? These vernal moles, stained glass windows and shiny airliners – is this what the finest flower of the British Cinema (and I think it is legitimate to refer to the documentary movement in such terms) has been reduced to? And must we continue to pat ourselves on the back about it?

To claim (as *The Times* critic claims in connection with this picture) that the British documentary school continues to lead the world is to show oneself both chauvinistic and provincial. Our technical films are probably as good as anyone's; but creatively and poetically the tradition is now almost dead, reduced to prettiness and conformism. (We have no trio, for instance, that could stand a moment's comparison to Franju, Rouquier and Resnais in France). And that is because the senior among these film makers are suffering from the emotional and ideological fatigue which seems to have crippled most of the progressives of the Thirties; and because, perhaps naturally, the younger men whom these have chosen, trained and guided, have not a social ideal in their heads, and precious little conception of the cinema as a *creative* (as opposed to an informative) medium.

Never mind, I see from the programmes of the new National Film Theatre that someone has dreamed up a new movement – 'Captive Cinema'. At last the film makers of England have a banner to which they can rally with a clear conscience.

LINDSAY ANDERSON

Compagnie de Mime, at the Cambridge

Marcel Marceau, the leader of this company, is a brilliant mime: with mosquito finesse he can be funny and sad, subtle and satirical. The sour intelligence that colours his every impersonation is so disciplined that it is one of his most pleasurable attributes. Carrying sparse, but elegantly contrived, decor by Jacques Noël, the company tours the world, upholding traditions that survive from the Commedia dell'Arte. The little play-ballets are all cleverly planned, but they are often too long and lacking in the robuster qualities that would lift them out of an over-refined Gallic nervousness. A simple joke, as when M. Marceau keeps finding the lavatory on the train engaged, is a relief from the whimsy of butterflies and oriental folk lore. It is, in fact, the rude vitality of an old-fashioned harlequinade that is missing from an otherwise exceedingly lively entertainment. The mime of the men is excellent, especially that of Jules Segal and Pierre Verry; but the girls are treated in such an inferior, scurvy manner that it is impossible to judge their talent.

A. F.

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Correspondence

THE CRIMINAL PSYCHOPATH

SIR,—A lengthy article by an anonymous author in your latest issue states categorically that the criminal psychopath can be cured. The article goes on to make a variety of recommendations which all seem to spring from this hypothesis. The curious reader does not find any evidence in the article except some anecdotal descriptions of a few so-called psychopaths and some events in their lives. The truth of the matter is (a) that agreement on whether a given criminal or patient is or is not a psychopath is so low when the diagnosis is made by experienced and highly qualified psychiatrists, that no responsible person would be willing to take action on the basis of such a diagnosis, and (b) there is no proper evidence to suggest that any form of psychotherapy or psychiatric treatment produces any effect whatsoever on psychopaths. It is fatally easy to select a few cases where apparently improvement has taken place in psychopaths who were treated in some way or other, and to assume that the improvement occurred *because* of the treatment. Such anecdotal evidence is meaningless because it is equally easy to quote cases of psychopaths who have improved without such treatment, and of others who did not improve in spite of the treatment.

What is required clearly is a properly set up experimental or clinical trial containing a treated group and an untreated control group; these would then have to be followed up over a period of many years to ascertain any possible effects of the treatment. The classic example of such an experiment into the effects of treatment on criminal propensities is, of course, the famous Cambridge-Somerville Youth Study; the effect of this experiment, which was designed to test the efficacy of psychiatric treatment on the prevention of criminality in juveniles, was that the treated group committed slightly more crimes than the untreated group! Perhaps your anonymous correspondent will explain how he comes to argue that it is established 'beyond doubt' that the psychopath 'can be cured'.

Progressives often consider those who administer the law reactionary, stupid and insensitive because they fail to welcome enthusiastically all sorts of modern fads which claim to explain, cure, and do away with crime. There is no doubt that research of a fundamental character is needed in this field if we are ever to go beyond the simple philosophy which governs modern justice. Such research is not aided by uncritical enthusiasm which is not based on a tough-minded examination of the facts, and which makes claims which are not only absurdly far-reaching, but which fly directly in the face of the available evidence. It is very much to be feared that this lack of concern for facts in the so-called 'progressive' camp will make the task of dispassionate research as difficult as does the obscurantism which is alleged to be characteristic of the more conservative.

H. J. EYSENCK

Maudsley Hospital
SE5

ANGLO-ARAB ATTITUDES

SIR,—Some years ago I had the pleasure of meeting Mr Crossman at a party in Amman. I recall being struck by his personality and intellectual brilliance. I also remember that he was closeted throughout most of the party with a Jordanian politician of acknowledged ability and known anti-British views, and that he never once inquired the views of those

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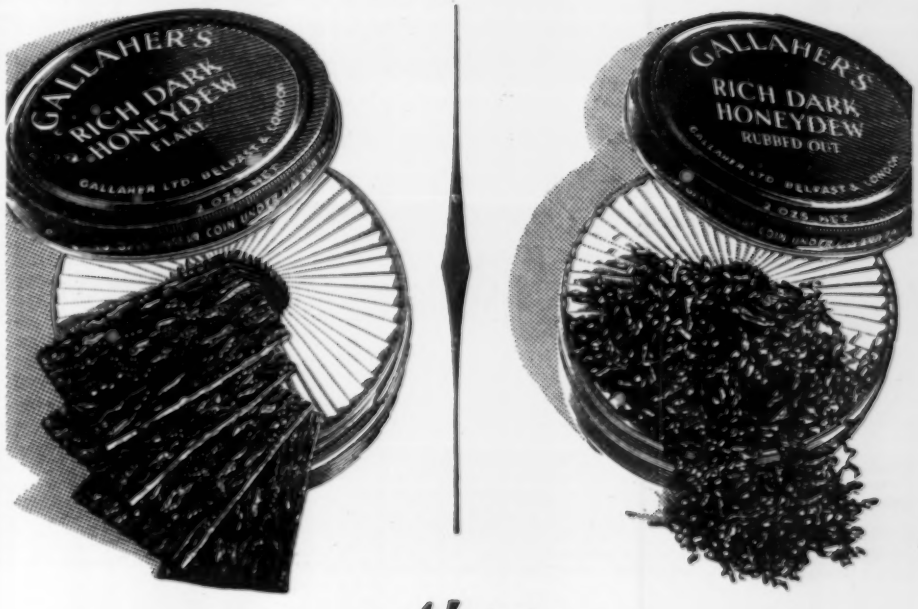

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of us who were working with Arabs every day of our lives. Admittedly, the Arabs of our acquaintance were not members of either government or opposition, but they represented the mass of the people of Jordan, be it from the East or West Bank.

All this being so, I am not altogether surprised by the brittleness of his criticism of Sir John Glubb's book. Although I was once a member of the Legion, and see no cause to be ashamed of the fact, I do not believe that Glubb's judgment was infallible. Glubb made mistakes, some of them serious, but the picture painted by Mr Crossman is a travesty of the truth. Admittedly this would not matter if Mr Crossman was just another reviewer, but he isn't; he is a shaper of policy in what may be the next government.

For part of my service in Jordan I was responsible for the security of a large part of the Israel-Jordan demarcation line. I was given the strictest orders that my task was to prevent incursions across that frontier by *both* sides, and in the course of six months the incidents that did occur could be split 50-50 between Jew and Arab so far as blame goes. This may well be a 'malignant misrepresentation of the Israeli record', but the fact is undeniable that whereas Glubb had to compete not only with his own government, but also with the activities of refugees, the ex-Mufti, Egypt, Saudi-Arabia, Syria, and just plain bandits, the Jews were masters in their own country, and very efficient masters, too. Glubb did at least try, according to his lights; I sometimes wondered if the Jews ever did. Of course, I shall be labelled as anti-Jew for writing this, but anyone who has served with the Arabs cannot fail to be struck by their recklessness and incompetence, and be equally impressed by the sense of purpose which dominates Israel. I am neither pro-Jew nor pro-Arab; I merely wish to see the wrongs done to innocent refugees righted, and Israel's place in the world recognised by her neighbours. It is Arab idiocy and Jewish intransigence which has prevented this happening, and has nothing to do with Britain's protection of Trans-Jordan, nor Glubb's loyalty to his Hashemite masters.

I hope I was never so stupid as to believe that we British were popular with the Arabs we served. Why should we have been? If Trans-Jordan was an 'artifact of British indirect colonialism,' Israel was a direct product of British political idealism. In Arab eyes every Englishman was directly responsible for the thousands of refugees who squatted in hopeless squalor all over Jordan. I never even subscribed to the belief that Glubb was either popular or all-powerful. But Britain was unpopular because of the part she played in Palestine, not because of our so-called 'colonialism.' That was a by-product skilfully created by Nasser. Glubb makes this clear in his book, but Mr Crossman successfully sidesteps the issue.

In his final summing-up on Glubb's book, Mr Crossman is less than just about the author. Those of us who met Glubb immediately after the collapse of his life's work were struck by the dignity and restraint which he showed. I would say the same is true of his book, although it may well have been too hastily written, and to dismiss it as a 'floppy, self-pitying apologia' is far from the truth. There is too much food for thought in it for it to be treated so casually. The problem of the West's relations with the newly emergent states of Asia and Africa is one of the most difficult that faces us today, and the peace of the world may turn on our ability to solve it. General Glubb did attempt to understand the problem, even if in doing so he divided his loyalties and ended by satisfying neither side.

ONE OF GLUBB'S LIEUTENANTS

POLICY IN GHANA

SIR,—Kingsley Martin's report of his interview with Dr Nkrumah in my opinion is the most frightening and revealing public document to come out of Ghana since world attention was focused on the country following arbitrary deportations some months ago.

After persistent refusals to go into the details for the deportation of Bankole Timothy, Dr Nkrumah now explains that Timothy's articles encouraged the notion that after independence people could 'do whatever they liked'; and so spurred on some 'teddy boy' types in the opposition who were not prepared to play ball with the government. If I remember correctly, Mr Kofi Baako, the Minister of Information, in his letter to the Chairman of the Commonwealth Press Union, without adding anything to the initial charge that 'Mr Timothy's presence in Ghana was not conductive to the public good', stated that Bankole Timothy's deportation had nothing to do with his 'normal journalistic duties'. With Nkrumah's recent statement, we find ourselves in a somewhat embarrassing situation in which we have the option of believing Nkrumah or his Minister. If Bankole Timothy was not brought before the courts for slander or sedition, was it not because his criticisms, which often were also directed against the opposition, were proper and legitimate and that any such action in court would have fallen? If the Minister of Information chooses to hide behind meaningless phrases whilst imputing offences of spying and sabotage—and I can think of no other—is it not because, unlike his Communist counterparts, he is not clever enough to concoct them?

Regarding the two Moslem leaders, we now know of one reason at least for their deportation: Nkrumah believes they subsidised riots. It is interesting to recall what the British 'imperialist oppressors' did in similar circumstances. The occasion was the 1948 riots, the most widespread and the worst in the history of the country. The colonial government then believed the riots had been planned by six nationalist leaders including Nkrumah. The nationalist leaders were accordingly arrested and detained. But a public commission—the famous Watson Commission—was set up before which the leaders appeared. And thus not only were Dr Nkrumah and his colleagues given the chance to answer the charge against them, but they were offered the excellent opportunity and allowed the liberty to criticise and to denounce the colonial government. It is now accepted generally that the final stage for independence was heralded by the report of the Watson Commission.

Nkrumah has asked for co-operation whilst he tries to evolve in Ghana an 'African way' of doing things. The world is now very old and there are certain fundamental principles on which world opinion is unlikely to change. This point must be stressed, for though Dr Nkrumah claims that he introduced western parliamentary democracy into Ghana, he confesses without shame that Krobo Edusei, his Minister of Interior—who he asserts understands the African mind—does not understand western thinking. The greatest insult which anyone could hurl against Ghana would be in the suggestion that African ideas of right and wrong in these fundamental matters of freedom and justice are, or should be, different.

There are certain spheres of life in which Ghana may yet show the world the way, and so surprise it. All who love Ghana and Africa would wish Dr Nkrumah well. Personally, I wish that should we fail to surprise the world, the result should be one to amuse it—not one to shock it!

W. C. ANOFF

The Middlesex Hospital

THE END OF BEVANISM

SIR,—Why is it being assumed that the rebuff suffered by the advocates of 'advance list nationalisation' at Brighton this year is in some way the end of the story? The struggle between supporters of the 'advance list' method and those who prefer the 'blank cheque' approach is almost as old as the party, and it would be nearer the truth to regard it as an intrinsic and perennial part of the domestic party scene. Ever since the days of MacDonald, sections of the leadership have tried to avoid specific nationalisation mandates, and the list of industries picked out for nationalisation in 1945 were more or less wrung from a reluctant Mr Morrison. Moreover, as recently as 1952 the 'advance list nationalisers' won a resounding victory, so why should we assume that from now on there will be no attempt to counter-attack on their part?

Indeed the only singular thing about the engagement that has just been won by the 'blank cheque' brigade was the ineptitude of their opponents. This

time the advocates of the 'blank cheque' took up their stand upon 'electoral advisability'. And instead of challenging their assumptions the 'advance list' group satisfied themselves with denouncing such an argument as a sin against the collective Socialist conscience. Thus while one group called the other 'dangerous' their opponents called them 'betrayers'.

As an unrepentant 'advance list' nationaliser I am certain that the high moral tone of most of the 'advance list' speakers has been the prime cause of the rout of our party. For if only we had spent less time on appeals to Keir Hardie, and more time on attacking the charge that publishing a list of industries ripe for nationalisation was electorally disastrous, we might have succeeded. Certainly we could hardly have failed to attract more support from that influential section of the leadership which has always responded more readily to arguments couched in terms of electoral advantage.

For the truth is that there never was a more electorally foolhardy policy than the present one. The basic fact about the marginal voter is that he is easily scared, and the outstanding feature of *Industry and Society* is that it contains material for the best electoral scare since the Zinoviev letter routed Ramsay Macdonald.

Come election time and Mr Butler, Dr Hill, together with their Lordships Hailsham and Beaverbrook, will have a fine old game with the NEC's new bromide. The marginal voter will be assured that if Labour wins a great struggle will take place on the division of the spoils. Terrified of not keeping Mr Bevan in his Cabinet the new PM will surrender—the 'blank cheque' will be used in such a way that 'nobody's property will be safe'.

Paradoxically, however, the very certainty of this scare may give the final round of the present contest to the 'advance list' party. For, forced to realise that his precious election winner is sinking him—as it might have sunk Labour in 1945, if Mr Morrison had had his way—Mr Gaitskell will act. In self-defence he will be forced to try to salvage something from the wreck in the only way possible. As his speeches progress he will become more and more specific about the actual implications of *Industry and Society*. If he is lucky, and does the job well, before the election is over he may have committed the party to something very like the moderate and highly relevant list of industries published in the NEC's 1953 policy statement *Challenge to Britain*. One can only hope that by this time the scare has not already lost Labour the election.

WILLIAM MCCARTHY

Merton College
Oxford

THE NEW SCHOOL TIE

SIR,—I read Mr Eric Austen's letter with interest. As regards young children in Primary schools he may be right. But I have often heard the same arguments applied to the question of streaming in Secondary schools, and some eight years' experience of teaching older children has led me to opposite conclusions. Where children are graded into three or four divisions, of course the bottom divisions say 'We are not much good, Sir'. This seems to me far less harmful than the situation of the backward children in ungraded forms, who mostly say nothing, but think 'I am no good'. Even where children are closely graded by academic ability, each division develops its own little intellectual aristocracy, which is constantly encouraged by the prospect of moving up a grade next year; while the top is sufficiently in touch with the bottom to provide a stimulus to it. Where children are ungraded, the backward are daily discouraged by the sight of children who understand and perform with ease what they cannot understand or perform at all. The discouragement is often suffered in silence (or it may lead to bad behaviour)—not until one gains the confidence of the children does one begin to realise it.

Where a class is roughly of one standard it is easy for the teacher to find its level, and to teach so that all can enjoy and profit by the lessons. In an ungraded class of any size it is almost impossible to avoid either teaching the best—when the worst are hopelessly lost—or teaching the worst—when the best become bored and lose interest.

I think that the stimulus which backward children are said to gain from contact with clever children is greatly overrated, especially in the academic field. Let them by all means mix in games and school societies and daily life. But I am sure the best hope for the slower-moving children is to shield them from daily comparing themselves with the clever until they have got some self-confidence. And if they are unacademic, it is surely better that their parents should know it in time, and be the less tempted to force them into courses for which they are not suited and which result in bitter disappointments during adolescent years. In these matters remarks about 'class systems' are entirely out of place.

U. R. Q. HENRIQUES

Ashburne Hall
Fallowfield
Manchester, 14

SIR—I write as one of those who 'will automatically become unnecessary,' i.e., a foreign visitor who taught for several months in LCC schools in the East End of London. It is not exactly that I objected to asking the head teacher for the key to the teachers' lavatory, or a small child to light the gas-lamps in the classrooms on dark winter afternoons. But I have two suggestions to make. First, some service inside a state school should be a condition of entry into the higher echelons of the Ministry of Education. Those who have been to public schools, and are currently sending their sons to them, have no vital interest in the system they are administering. Second, cultural barbarians though we may be, people from countries that have a theoretical capitalism but a practical social democracy, should be encouraged to come into the system. They are generally tougher, and they can show the children that there is a world outside their own. I would take it farther. I would try to recruit as many angry young men (does this equal bored, I wonder?) into the profession. We have found that lumberjacks often make splendid elementary school teachers, once they have really decided to make it their profession.

JOHN GRUBE

Dept. of English
Victoria College
British Columbia

THE ARTS COUNCIL

SIR—In your comment on the Arts Council's annual report you complain that we fail to disclose what the local authorities contribute to the symphony orchestras. The report, in fact, publishes a complete record of these contributions, both in cash and in kind, on pp. 102-3 and 107-8. You further assert that we do not reveal what subsidies the Arts Council makes to concert-societies as distinct from orchestras. This information, too, is plainly set out on pp. 83, 93 and 99. You ask, 'Why must the Arts Council subsidise two of the London orchestras?' Most of the subsidy to the London Philharmonic Orchestra is spent on providing concerts in the provinces; the token subsidy (£2,000) to the London Symphony Orchestra is earmarked for the provision of a few special concerts of the Third Programme type. The report shows that less than one-fifth of the Arts Council's subsidies for music in Britain is allocated to bodies based on London.

'If the Arts Council,' you conclude, 'does not keep the public abreast of the facts, who else will?' Why not the NEW STATESMAN, especially when the facts are printed in a document under review in its columns?

W. E. WILLIAMS

The Arts Council
4 St. James's Square, SW1

[We ought to have quoted the tabulation of local authorities' expenditure on the arts to which Sir William Emrys Williams refers. But it does not give the 'true extent of local authorities' contribution' for which we asked. By confining its list of local subsidies to those given 'to organisations in receipt of grants or guarantees from the Arts Council', the

It was never one of my ambitions, when I was at school, to become a wine merchant when I grew up, so I never saw the point of learning the relationship between pipes and pints. Recently, however, my master's rod-and-rote method of imparting knowledge was vindicated, for when I read that the 14th Duke of Xeres ended a family vendetta with a pipe of sherry, I was able to appreciate the significance of such a peace offering.

Think of the power for good in 108 gallons of Amontillado or Rare Old Oloroso! Imagine how quickly and pleasantly industrial disputes and international differences would be resolved if the contestants sat round a pipe of sherry equipped with drinking tubes (tipped with non-return valves), like a bacchanalian hubble-bubble!

To avoid any possibility of argument about the sherry itself, it would have to be Mackenzie's of course. Mackenzie's is the one sherry that agrees with everybody—there's none better for creating a feeling of well-being and goodwill toward men. Test the idea in a small way for yourself by getting a bottle of Mackenzie's Sherry today. And if anyone wants to bestow a mark of appreciation for my contribution to peace, I'll take a pipe.

P.S. Mackenzie's tell me that sherry is now bought in butts, not pipes. A butt holds 108 gallons so I will gladly accept a playful butt instead.

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report excludes hidden subsidies and other benefits to other organisations. As an example, it leaves unmentioned the LCC's annual net loss in running the Royal Festival Hall (average £31,785 over the past four years). Yet this is largely a subsidy of sorts to the symphony orchestras who perform there. Nor, as another example, does it mention the concerts which from time to time the LCC itself promotes at an economic loss.

We are further accused of asserting that the Arts Council does not reveal what subsidies it makes to concert societies as distinct from orchestras. But we did not assert this. The burden of our complaint was that, when a concert society is subsidised, there is no means of knowing what proportion of the subsidy finds its way back to an orchestra already subsidised—as when the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra, for example, plays for the Welsh National Opera, or the Hallé at the Edinburgh Festival. Sir William Emrys Williams does not meet this point.

We sympathise with the view that the arts are under-subsidised and we have consistently supported the Arts Council. The case, however, for more help would be even stronger if the present state of the subsidies were more fully and clearly set out.—ED., *N.S.*]

THE REGENT'S PARK SCHOOL

SIR,—I find the outbursts both of the 'Human of Notting Hill' and particularly of Miss Winter, who translated into English Gerhard Kolher's *The Mentality of Apes*, unreasonable. I can see no reason why the Institute of Contemporary Arts should not show what apes can do in the realm of art. Many efforts have been made to find traces of intellect in Christopher's cousin many times removed, so why not of art as well? I have not seen the paintings at the ICA, and there Miss Winter may have an edge on me, but those of primitive man, the ICA exhibition of paintings by contemporary stone-age aboriginal Australian man, and those by normal as well as delinquent children and adult human lunatics, in all of these have been shown glimmerings of what contemporary civilised man can do. Artistic value is thorny ground on which to argue, but to me at least it seems that contemporary art often refuses to be encompassed by Miss Winter's 'consecutive thought'—thought, but not feelings, and chimps, she will agree, at least have their feelings.

As to the young French sculptor's recent definition of art and to Christopher the Human's dictum that it is known (he says *known*) that paintings, like all art objects, are human products, that is, of course, the essence of what the ICA is asking us to see and judge for ourselves—and why, I suppose, young English artists are so cross. My encyclopaedia says of apes that 'chattering with lips and jaws is common to all Pithecoidea' (that includes Christopher, Miss Winter and myself), that they 'are capable of an amazing variety of facial expressions. . . .' and 'that most apes are very vocal animals. . . .; some species typically grunt and bark, others hoot and still others coo and whinny. . . . Moreover, different species appear to understand each other's calls, especially those that relate to anxiety, fear and aggression'. And they have colour vision as well as the capacity, well developed, not to be reasonable; what more human?

If we share all this, why should not Congo's creations, or for that matter the illuminated scratchings of cats and even the tracings of worms fed on coloured foods bear the seeds of artistic expression that man has developed so highly?

RICHARD DOBBS

3 Oakhill Park
NW3

SIR,—Your correspondents on Betsy and Congo are rather Victorian, surely? Their reaction to the news that apes can paint is distinctly reminiscent of the outcry that followed the publication of *The Origin of Species*.

DAVID SYLVESTER

FAME AND SUFFERING

SIR,—I ought to correct a mis-statement in my review of the third volume of Dr Ernest Jones's biography of Freud in your issue of 5 October. In fact, Freud did not decide to leave Vienna because of his family. He considered that it was his duty to remain, as it were, at his post, and it was only when Dr Jones told him the story of the Second Officer of the *Titanic*, who remarked at the inquiry that it was not he that left the ship but the ship that left him, that he changed his mind.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

The Grove, NW11

WHO GOVERNS BRITAIN?

SIR,—Paul Johnson's 'A cartoonist writes on the City' is misleading. Bernard Hollowood has been on the staff of the *Economist* and the Council of Industrial Design and was for some years editor of *Pottery and Glass*. He was writing and broadcasting on economic and industrial subjects long before he became a cartoonist; nor has he ever ceased.

R. G. G. PRICE

Lucastes Avenue
Haywards Heath

THE FOUNDATION OF NUFFIELD

SIR,—All this week press and radio have been telling us that Lord Nuffield has, in the course of his life, donated twenty-odd millions to charity. Is this not wrongly put? Surely the money has been donated by Lord Nuffield's employees and customers, from whom it was extracted by wages evidently lower, or prices higher, than necessary.

IVOR MONTAGU

Garston
Hertfordshire

Of Volume I of A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES
ALAN TAYLOR, *Fellow and Tutor in Modern History at Oxford said in the Daily Herald:*
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Historical Books Number

NAMIER INC.

'THE twenty-ninth annual general meeting of L. B. Namier Ltd. was held on 10 October in London, Sir Lewis Namier (the Chairman) presiding. Mr R. R. Sedgwick, Dr Lucy Sutherland and Professor Richard Pares – representing Bute Consolidated, East India House Rubber and Cabinet Dismissals, Ltd., all subsidiaries within the Group – were also present. The Company's new Secretary, Mr John Brooke, read the minutes of the last meeting.

'In his circulated address the Chairman said: the year just ended has been one of continual development and progress throughout the Group. Noteworthy features included the completion and inauguration of the vast new Pelham plant* at Esher, Surrey, where deposits of raw namierite mined on the Devonshire and Bedford estates – on both of which the Group has long held powerful concessions – could be processed at a low-grade "imaginative-firing" level. As head of production, Mr John B. Owen had done a devoted and painstaking job in the highest, unswerving traditions of the firm and he (the Chairman) would like to disclaim Mr Owen's declaration of indebtedness "to Sir Lewis Namier for constantly assisting me in the solution of the many problems which a work of this nature involves".

'Again, early last March he (the Chairman) had been privileged to inaugurate the new Chatham-Grenville laboratories at Bath†. Here the mineral was subjected to an altogether subtler and more intensive treatment. In his report to the Group Mr Brooke had paid generous tribute to himself (the Chairman). "I have built," he wrote, "upon the foundation laid by Sir Lewis Namier . . . I have closely co-operated with him during the last four years and have learned much from our association." This was very handsome of Mr Brooke, yet, as he (the Chairman) had told him at the time, after 25 years, "I am . . . happy to have found collaborators . . . with whom I now hope to carry through the scheme". The Group was "a co-operative undertaking in which the individuality of the collaborators merges with that of the team".

'The main event of the Group year, of course, had been the completed renovation of the original Namier plant‡. After 30 years that single unit, out of which such a large industry had grown, had received a new coat of paint (*laughter*). "It seemed to me," the Chairman went on with a touch of whimsical sentiment for the parent factory, "best to leave the basic structure unchanged: had I started pulling down and replacing bits of the fabric, architectonic chaos might have resulted, while stuck-on additions would have disfigured it." Nevertheless, "the sum total of these alterations has implied much greater changes than appear on the surface". Several new technological processes had been introduced and the scope of the Harwich Research Wing had been greatly extended.

'As regards the general picture, he thought, frankly, that they had never had it so good. The manshift figures (the highest in any undertaking of this kind, with the exception of J. N. Neale & Co. and Trevor-Roper Small Arms) remained unimpaired. The prestige of the firm was unbounded and, despite the usual ill-informed and envious criticism that attached to all highly trained, specialised and successful industries, they continued to enjoy a firm monopoly of the market. True, many of the once most valuable deposits (Chewton, Chatsworth, etc.) appeared to have been worked out, but in many places the yield was still high. At some remote date, there might arise a temptation to blend the mineral with some sort of imaginative- or narrative-firing alloy – or, as the poet had said, "in the subjective element immerse". As long as he remained head of the firm, this temptation would be sternly resisted (*loud cheers*). They could safely leave the subjective element to Dr J. H. Plumb, whose use of the alloy in his own Chatham laboratory had been promptly disowned by Mr Brooke on p. vii of his report ("It would involve a technique which I do not command" – or, as he might have added, commend) or to Herbert Butterfield, Ltd., a Group specialising in a form of skeleton light industry geared to the wildest speculations, which had been seeking to re-enter the market ever since its disastrous failure with the North project in 1949. He (the Chairman) understood that Butterfields were to launch a fresh attempt in a few weeks' time§ and he was entirely sanguine of the outcome.

'Looking back on the firm's remarkable history over the last 30 years, he was filled with a sense of laborious and collective achievement. As the discoverer and patentee of namierite, as the father-founder of this great Magnitogorsk whose magnitude was increasing even as he spoke, he was conscious of certain misgivings. Had he been wrong to have devoted so much time to developing the mineral from European sources – where the "open-cast system" was productive of disorder – instead of concentrating on the pure British product? Impossible to say – a man must do the work to his hand. He might claim in some small sense that *militavi non sine gloria* (*loud cheers*).

'The Board announced an interim dividend of 20 per cent. on all graduate theses submitted within the Group and a final dividend of 10 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares.'

This is how Sir Lewis and his methodical personnel sometimes appear to the layman who is fond of reading history. The contrast between his tremendous range and their own microscopic intention is strange indeed. One has the impression of a Gulliver stitched down by the Lilliputians. Yet Sir Lewis is no unwilling victim. He does not have to be forced into the strait-jacket of his disciples' comparative mediocrity; he has willingly sacrificed the remainder of his working life as a historian to his projected *History of Parliament*. Sir Lewis's mystical idea of the House of Commons is well known. The social history of England, he has boasted, could be written in terms of 'that peculiar club'. 'The live forces break through any forms and shape results to their requirements. Were it decided that the 615 heaviest men in the country should constitute the House of Commons, the various interests and parties could be trusted to obtain their proportionate weight in it.' 'Small boys,' he writes in *The Structure*,

> play at kings and soldiers, or at riders, engine-drivers, chauffeurs, and airmen – the material expression of that fancy varies with methods of locomotion. But for several centuries the dream of English youth and manhood of the nation-forming class has remained unchanged; it has been fixed and focused on the House of Commons, a modified, socialized arena for battle, drive, and dominion.

Hence his long, laborious and passionate effort to perfect our knowledge of the biographical structure of the House during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries – and to press-gang as many history research scholars as he can muster for the cause.

At the base of great scholarship, as with great art or inventive science, there is almost always some underlying psychological need or predilection. I believe that the warring strains in Sir Lewis's heredity and temperament – his ancestry includes Polish nobles and learned doctors of the Torah – go far to explain his *engouement* with the English. Galicia has its attractions, but at no time in modern history have men looked towards it for the image of a stable society. In Britain Sir Lewis found all that he had missed in Europe – and in his own patient, incisive, encyclopaedic way he has been romanticising what he found ever since. (Consider, for example, that extraordinary passage on page 15 of *England in the Age of the American Revolution*.) All this, I believe, helps to explain the typical Namierite prejudices: the elevation of money and trade, the Hebraic analogies (such as that between manhood and a nation's political maturity), and the searing contempt for the unprofessional 'intellectual'.

Casting up the balance-sheet of Namier Inc. today, I should guess that while Sir Lewis's own influence is as deservedly high as ever, that of his executives is rather on the wane. Historical scholarship, like everything else in life, has its ebbs and flows. In an article published last April, Professor Butterfield, who has pursued Namierism down the arches of the years, stated the classic case for the opposition:

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* *The Rise of the Pelhams*. By JOHN B. OWEN. *Methuen*. 30s.

† *The Chatham Administration, 1766-68*. By JOHN BROOKE. *Macmillan*. 36s.

‡ *The Structure of English Politics at the Accession of George III*. By L. B. NAMIER. *Macmillan*. 50s. (Second Edition.)

§ *George III and the Historians*. By HERBERT BUTTERFIELD. *Collins*. 18s. (Coming Nov. 18th.)

JONATHAN CAPE

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'A sober and absorbing piece of social analysis . . . based on long professional observation of management problems with some on-the-spot research in Park Forest, a Chicago suburban starling-roost of Organization Men and their families. It is an alarming book, perceptive as a microscope in its appraisement of this new influential élite which through the size of its purchasing power is changing the climate of American society.' DAILY MAIL 25s.

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The Psychology of Thought Control and Brainwashing

The author (Instructor in Psychiatry at Columbia University) of this alarming and highly topical book coined the word 'menticide' to signify the totalitarian technique of breaking the minds and wills of political victims. 'At its best when Dr. Meerloo relates his personal experiences and observations during the Nazi occupation in Holland and presents the psychiatric data gathered while he was chief of the Psychological Department of the Netherland Army.' SATURDAY REVIEW 21s.

JOOST A. M. MEERLOO

Turkestan Alive

New Travels in Chinese Turkestan

The first detailed report of men and things in Chinese Turkestan—in what is now the Sinkiang-Uighur Autonomous Region—since the great explorers, Hedin and Aurel Stein passed through that legendary country over half a century ago. The author's photographs (two of which are in colour) are of exceptional beauty. *Illustrated 25s.*

Book Society Recommendation

BASIL DAVIDSON

The Book Society's Choice for October is

THE VOLCANOES ABOVE US

Norman Lewis

author of *A Dragon Apparent*

'A novel which cannot fail to give immediate pleasure from the first page to the last; it is an adventure story concerned with the meaning of civilization and progress . . . Mr. Lewis is witty, crisp and master of his material.' *Cyril Connolly* in the SUNDAY TIMES

'Mr. Norman Lewis has the eye of a camera, and the skill to translate vividly and economically into words whatever his lens records. *The Volcanoes Above Us* is set in Guatemala, and the author unrolls the scene before our eyes with colour and conviction. Equally sharp and well-presented are the snapshots of characters.' *Tom Hopkinson* in the OBSERVER 15s.

A new collection of short stories by

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author of *The Young Lions*

'Mr. Irwin Shaw's deftly told and suspenseful stories have mostly appeared in the *New Yorker* and are nearly all about Americans in Europe. They never fail to interest: once in, you read to the end . . . the stories have a definite and attractive flavour.' TIME AND TIDE

'Splendidly fresh . . . exceptionally well-plotted . . . the author's sense of national psychology is always marvellous.' OBSERVER 15s.

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TIP ON A DEAD JOCKEY

. . . It is not permissible to imagine that the England of 1760 is unique in the sense that just here the study of 'structure' must replace other forms of history—just here the 'narrative' method has been rendered obsolete . . . We are given a story which becomes silent or curiously neglectful as it touches the very things that governments and parliaments exist to do. The work of ministers in their departments, the springs of official policy, the overt controversies, the stuff of actual political debate—it is just these that are being elbowed out of the picture . . . It would seem that the new form of structural analysis is capable of producing in the practitioners of the craft its own kind of occupational disease.

Professor Butterfield has since turned his essay into a book which will be appearing shortly. Sir Lewis's footguards must already be ramming in the shot:

On Minden, when the sun was low
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow . . .
It will not be bloodless for long.

JOHN RAYMOND

New Cambridge Modern

The New Cambridge Modern History: I, The Renaissance, 1493-1520. Ed. G. R. POTTER; **II, The Old Regime, 1713-1763.** Ed. J. O. LINDSAY. *Cambridge.* 37s. 6d. each.

How difficult it must be to produce a new Cambridge Modern History! In 1900 it was far simpler, for then historians had a philosophy of which such great, dull, indigestible volumes were the legitimate expression. They believed that history consisted of the sum of political, constitutional and economic facts; that it became more perfect as reluctant governments, yielding to liberal pressure, revealed more and more of such facts; and that the best way to write it was to exhibit the maximum number of such facts, neatly subdivided into their proper categories. By 1900 liberal pressure had been eminently satisfactory. 'The long conspiracy against the revelation of truth' had been defeated; the facts were so well known that 'in some instances there is nothing new to tell'; and clearly it was time 'to record, in the way most useful to the greatest number of readers, the fullness of knowledge in the field of modern history which the nineteenth century has bequeathed to its successor'.

Such were the views of Lord Acton and his successors who, in 1902, launched the old Cambridge Modern History. The sum of history, they felt, was now substantially made up. The idea that a particular historian, by his philosophic outlook or insight, might give a particularly interesting interpretation of known facts was discounted. Contributors were expected to suppress or conceal their own opinions. They were to be completely objective: fact-collecting, fact-arranging machines, distinguished from each other not by personality or prejudice or style but merely by the section of history in which each happened to specialise. In consequence of this the old Cambridge Modern History is generally accounted a pretty dull work; and that, no doubt, is why that energetic University Press has now decided to replace it by a new.

Unfortunately, the very change in our historical philosophy which makes a new *variorum* history seem desirable also makes it very much less easy to achieve. The old series was the direct expression of the old philosophy; but the new philosophy cannot be expressed in the same form. And yet that, it seems, is precisely what the new editors are trying to do. They are bringing universal history up to date, modernising the content but not modernising the form; and yet is not the form necessarily dependent on the changed content? Why, I wonder, have they done it so?

The dilemma is really made clear by the general introduction of the general editor, Sir George Clark—by far the most readable, sensitive and profound chapter that I have read of these two volumes. Nobody now believes, he admits, that history is the sum of facts, or is painlessly divisible into sections, to be distributed among objective experts: it has its life, its 'structure', its organic indivisibility. Nevertheless, he goes on to tell us, 'over a great part of the field' the aims of the new history 'will coincide with those which Lord Acton formulated for its predecessor'. Authors may not be expected to submerge their personality; but that need not make much difference if their personalities have already been effectively submerged by the old discipline. 'The course of events will not be described without reference to the structure of society'; but that need not make much difference if that structure is simply detached and put in another specialist chapter. Altogether the new Cambridge Modern History is not, so far, very different from the old, which, in spite of its philosophy, had some admirable and illuminating chapters. It is an encyclopædia by experts who conduct us, each in his turn, over his successive stretch of the Cambridge flats.

The first volume, on the generation between 1493 and 1520, is the better of the two. It begins with an excellent chapter by Dr H. C. Darby on the geography of Renaissance Europe and ends with a useful chapter by Mr E. E. Rich, on 'expansion as a concern of all Europe'; but there is little attempt to relate culture to society or facts to ideas: these are divided up among their experts and, very often, reduced to mere lists of books or catalogues of events. The second volume, which covers the years 1713-1763, is even less conscious of modern needs. Commerce, art, religion, administration, war, colonies all have their watertight compartments, their different authors, and we struggle methodically through the different countries and their often tedious politics. It is no doubt very useful, but it must be added that it is far less useful now than it was in 1900. Then there were few handy English works of up-to-date knowledge on European history. Now there are many, and a new Cambridge Modern History cannot assume a monopoly, it must compete.

Compete for what? Of course, for intelligent public interest. And by what? Of course, by inspiration, readability, style. Alas, these gifts seem to be not much valued by the new editors, and it is this which most depresses me about these volumes. Here are two wonderful periods of human history, periods of intellectual and physical expansion, the Renaissance and the Enlightenment; and yet they are made as dull as a monkish chronicle. No one, reading them, could feel transported, even for a moment, into an age of discovery, excitement, intellectual adventure, spiritual revolt. Mr Laffan stumbles through the princely politics of Germany on the eve of the Lutheran explosion, finds the Church 'fulfilling a great task of Civilisation, spreading among the Germans the virtues of duty, goodwill and humility'. The mind boggles at such fatuity. Mrs Lindsay despatches eighteenth-century Portugal without a single reference to the one event which really mattered to Europe, the great earthquake which destroyed Lisbon and shattered the com-

placency of the world. No doubt their facts are accurate; no doubt their scholarship is up to date; but somehow their history, as it seems to me, is a history not of the human mind and its activity but of its deposit.

Am I hopelessly reactionary in thinking that history should be read with pleasure, not pain; that if it is uninteresting, it does not deserve to be written, and that if it is interesting it ought not to be made dull? Perhaps I am. In that case let me recommend to more modern minds these promising first fruits of a serviceable encyclopædia.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

Rule, Britannia!

The Age of Revolution. History of the English-Speaking Peoples : Vol. III. By WINSTON S. CHURCHILL. *Cassell.* 30*s.*

To judge from last week-end's press, the third volume of Sir Winston's *History of the English-Speaking Peoples* has come as something of an embarrassment to those reviewers whose lavish praises of the two previous volumes are splashed over the dust-cover. I myself have read neither; but I suppose it is just possible that Alan Taylor is right in describing *The Birth of Britain* as 'one of the wisest, most exciting works of history ever written'; and that Sir Arthur Bryant was not exaggerating when he called *The New World* 'the most comprehensive and discerning history ever written of the English-Speaking Nations'. Mr Taylor and Sir Arthur, however, might well agree with me that *The Age of Revolution* is the best-written piece of bellicose jingoism since Kipling published his *History of England*. Moreover, for the general reader, without any special knowledge of history, most of it is difficult and rather dull.

This failure is all the more surprising since the eighteenth century is the period to which Sir Winston seems naturally to belong. One might have expected that, when he wrote this third volume, towards the end of his retirement in the 1930s, he would have achieved a historical masterpiece equal to his biography of Marlborough. But no! Although the first six chapters are dominated by Marlborough, all we are given is an uninspired chronicle of the battles he fought, the treaties he negotiated and the politics in which he was involved. Much the same happens when Sir Winston comes to deal with the two other great men of the century with whom he feels an affinity, the elder Pitt and Napoleon. Every campaign is conscientiously summarised and the military set-pieces are strung on a thread of political and diplomatic history, so condensed that the attention of the general reader begins to wander. True, this patriotic chronicle is enlivened, first, by a number of those muscular character-sketches at which Sir Winston excels and, secondly, by a few passages in which he indicates an analogy between eighteenth-century and twentieth-century appeasers. The truth is that, so long as he is trying to be a historian, Sir Winston merely succeeds in imitating the kind of history-book with which he himself was bored at Harrow. But this schoolboy history comes to life whenever he asks whether he himself would have signed the Treaty of Utrecht or makes a speech from the Opposition benches against the ineffective conduct of the war by the younger Pitt. Though his judgments may shock us, they are at least arresting.

Because Sir Winston is far the greatest statesman of our age, even the dullest chapters of this book are of fascinating interest. For what they

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reveal are the narrow frontiers within which his genius ranges. His life has been spent in politics, but he is tone-deaf to political ideas. For him, statesmanship consists in waging wars or making peace abroad, and politics in obtaining power or keeping it at home. Ideas, to his way of thinking, are either useful weapons of political warfare or subversive doctrines, which constitute a menace to stability. This explains why, for instance, he can write a whole chapter on the American Revolution with only a passing reference to Thomas Paine and no mention at all of Locke's *Treatise of Civil Government*; why he can devote one-third of this volume to Napoleon without referring to the *Code Napoléon*; and why religious and scientific controversy are regarded as topics completely outside the scope of a history of the English-speaking peoples. As for science and industry, Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* receives an honourable mention because Sir Winston, who was once Chancellor of the Exchequer, realises that politicians have to have a financial policy. But Adam Smith's contemporaries, Hargreaves, Arkwright, James Watt, Telford and Macadam, are completely omitted in order to leave space for trivial military and naval exploits.

This contrast becomes farcical in Sir Winston's treatment of the American Revolution. Pages are devoted to details of the military campaign and only one paragraph to the role of Burke and Fox in opposing the war. 'Such antics only made things worse,' Sir Winston writes: 'Indeed, but for the violence of the opposition, which far outran the country's true feelings, it is probable that Lord North's Administration would have fallen much sooner'.

His view of the American Constitution itself is equally peculiar:

> At first sight this authoritative document presents a sharp contrast with the store of traditions and precedents that make up the unwritten Constitution of Britain. Yet behind it lay no revolutionary theory. . . . The Constitution was a reaffirmation of faith in the principles painfully evolved over the centuries by the English-speaking peoples.

In a later passage he contrasts the French Revolution – a bad thing which ended, like Bolshevism, in Terror – with the American Revolution, which was a good thing and therefore not a real revolution. This contrast can only be made convincing by suppressing one half of the facts. The Americans' break with legitimacy, their republicanism and their adoption of universal suffrage were revolutionary acts which profoundly shocked Sir Winston's forebears. But he treats them as 'doctrinal' differences, which could not really divide the English-speaking peoples, who, in his view, have never taken abstract ideas seriously. The Americans who matter in Sir Winston's eyes have always been English Conservatives at heart.

The Age of Revolution tells us a great deal more about its author than it does about the American or French Revolutions. It reveals him as a statesman, great only as a war leader and fallible, if not downright silly, in all other spheres. He feels profoundly that the arts of war are morally superior to the arts of peace, which, in his eyes, are squalid and ignoble. Moreover, because he is a rumbustious politician who will cheerfully jettison any idea in order to win a war or maintain a political alliance, he has no understanding of the revolutionary leader, who is in deadly earnest about his ideas and prepared to blow the world to pieces in order to make them come true. What he writes as a historian about the American and French Revolutions is no more absurd than what he said as a politician about Mussolini and Uncle Joe.

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The Elephant and the Whale

The War in the Mediterranean 1803-1810. By PIERS MACKESY. *Longmans.* 45*s.*

The popular myth of British history brings the naval war against Napoleon to an end with the battle of Trafalgar in 1805. Trafalgar gave us command of the sea, and therefore, according to the myth, the defeat of Napoleon was only a matter of time—although even in mythology nine years is quite a long time. But although myths serve a vital social purpose, they can be dangerous as guides to action; and had our naval historians in the past devoted as much attention as does Mr Mackesy in this formidably scholarly work to the drab era of Collingwood, we might have had, as a nation, a more realistic view about what sea power can and cannot achieve. Nelson certainly secured command of the sea: that ascendancy which makes the ocean a highway for one's own vessels and a barrier to those of the enemy. But that command had to be maintained; and its maintenance, the ceaseless watch on the French fleets in being, the overstretching of inadequate resources to guard against every threat from an active enemy and untrustworthy neutrals, killed Nelson's successor as surely as its achievement killed Nelson himself. And it was Collingwood, not Nelson, who was to be the real pattern for British admirals in the future: neither lovable nor particularly inspiring, but sound and rapid in judgment, inexhaustibly learned in his trade, taking no risks, making no mistakes, and longing from the bottom of his heart for one, just one spectacular battle to make up for the long years of patient, inconspicuous calculation and patrol.

Collingwood hoped in vain. With the eighty vessels of his Mediterranean command he could do no more than safeguard the British base in Sicily and keep the seas open for trade with the Levant—a trade anyhow dwindling and negligible compared with the huge commerce with the East and West Indies from which Britain drew the wealth which enabled her to sustain the war. Mr Mackesy, in a passage which he should have written twenty years ago and forced Sir Winston Churchill to learn by heart, shatters the greatest fallacy about sea-power—'the myth that an army with control of the sea could strike tellingly and often at a vastly superior continental enemy'. For our one success in landing and maintaining a force in Portugal, the Napoleonic wars have to show a dozen failures, and of such failures—failure to retain control of the Neapolitan mainland, failure to return to it, failure to obtain a footing in the Balkan peninsula, failure even to rescue the Pope – Mr Mackesy's narrative is largely and inevitably composed. The Napoleonic elephant stood with its forelegs firmly planted in Italy, its hindlegs in Spain, its rump malodorously turned towards these islands and its trunk rootling dangerously towards the East. The assaults of the British whale recoiled almost unnoticed—all save one—from that pachydermatous hide.

Mr Mackesy, honest historian that he is, does not attempt to convince us that the large naval and military detachment which Britain maintained in the Mediterranean had any effect on the outcome of the war. He does, however, show why it was kept there: not so much to protect trade and keep in touch with continental allies as to guard the first vital *étapes* along the road to India. Yet had Napoleon decided to launch a massive overland assault through the Ottoman Empire, it is hard to see what Collingwood could have done. He also shows very lucidly how bad communications, division of command, indecision and sheer bad luck prevented the force from achieving more than it did. And it is interesting to encounter again, in such an unusual setting, the Balkan resistance movements; the unreliable and unrealistic emigré governments; British troops campaigning on the Garigliano; and a British fleet trying, gallantly and unsuccessfully, to force the Dardanelles.

MICHAEL HOWARD

A Corner in Rationality

Historical Essays. By HUGH TREVOR-ROPER. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

Thirty-three out of these forty-two essays first appeared in 'that distressingly radical organ the NEW STATESMAN'. This might be embarrassing for a reviewer who wished to condemn them. Fortunately there is no danger. Professor Trevor-Roper writes like an angel. There is no other word for it. Each piece has the zest and perfection of a Mozart symphony. Happy the literary editor, happy the readers, before whom the feast was spread. One trivial class come off less well: the authors who provide the excuse for this display of wit and learning. Their books are simply pegs on which Mr Trevor-Roper hangs what he had already decided to say; and his table of contents has an air of being planned not merely before the reviews were written, but even before the books appeared that are ostensibly under notice. This is a great advantage now that the

pieces are reprinted. Other historians collect their occasional pieces – I do it myself. But as Mr Trevor-Roper remarks, our writings 'look well enough in their place, but when they reappear, strung together, they often wear a miscellaneous look, as if they formed not a book but a scrap-heap'. No such reproach can be levelled against him. This book has a unity, so much so that it seems like an original work and will enable Mr Trevor-Roper to conceal for some time the fact that he has not yet produced a sustained book of mature historical scholarship.

Mr Trevor-Roper puts forward further justification. Essays can be reprinted only 'if they receive an underlying unity from the philosophy of the writer'. Mr Trevor-Roper has a philosophy all right, though not quite the one he imagines – self-analysis is rarely accurate. He claims to be interested in 'one general problem':

> the interplay between heavy social forces or intractable geographical facts and the creative or disruptive forces which wrestle with them: the nimble mind, the burning conscience, the blind passions of man.

These essays show that his real interest is rather narrower. He is interested in the exceptional man and one kind of exceptional man at that: the detached intellectual man who preaches moderation in an immoderate world. The longest essay here (not reprinted from the NEW STATESMAN, by the way) is on Erasmus. It concludes by endorsing the words of a 'sensible 18th-century Whig bishop', which could provide a motto for this book:

> The Church, like the Ark of Noah, is worth saving: not for the sake of the unclean beasts that almost filled it, and probably made most noise and clamour in it, but for the little corner of rationality that was as much distressed by the stink within as by the tempest without.

Mr Trevor-Roper is distressed by the tempest without, but also by the stink within – the stink of McCarthyism, the general stink of what he and other philosophers of history call 'the age of the masses', though in fact the masses are just men like himself.

Here is another odd thing about Mr Trevor-Roper's heroes: not only are they intellectual advocates of moderation. They despair and stand ostentatiously withdrawn – whether willingly or not – from the stink of public life. Ibn Khaldoun observing the decline of Barbary; Burckhardt observing the end of liberal civilisation from 'two rooms above a baker's shop'; Sir Walter Raleigh in the Tower writing his history of the world; Clarendon in exile writing his history of the Great Rebellion; Erasmus refusing to become either a heretic or a Cardinal – each made a corner in rationality. Each held up his little candle of reason, convinced that it would soon be blown out, yet each hoping that its light would be seen again after the tempest of a new Dark Age. Each is indisputably, almost unbearably, admirable; yet, looked at just a little differently, it is hard to resist the feeling that they were also intellectual snobs. 'I am Sir Oracle. When I speak, let no dog bark.' It would need great daring to bark in Mr Trevor-Roper's presence.

Yet he barks himself, and to great effect. He hates as strongly as he admires. He barks against passion, and in particular against the passion of Belief. Most of all he barks against Roman Catholicism. This is sound enough. The great charge against the Jesuits is that they perverted human reasoning to the service of an irrational, that is a religious, cause. Mystics escape this charge; hence Trevor-Roper makes a solitary, and justified, exception for the early Quakers. Yet there is something irrational in the vehemence of his rationality. If religion is all nonsense,

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why not be urbane about it as Gibbon was? Why thump the pulpit like a revivalist preacher? We reveal ourselves as much by what we detest as by what we admire; and Mr Trevor-Roper sometimes gives the impression that he might have been an Enthusiast or a man of Power – a Hitler or an Inquisitor – if reason had not reined him in. For indeed he does not ride reason; it rides him. Once an idea captures him, he goes wildly across country without thought of the fences. Take for instance his discovery, reiterated here, that the Great Rebellion of the seventeenth century was caused by the declining gentry, not by the rising capitalists. It is a splendid discovery, illuminating and wise. Yet like all 'solutions' of a historical problem, it is wrong as well as right. It is *an* explanation, but not *the* explanation, of the Great Rebellion; and I could suggest almost as many arguments against it as Mr Trevor-Roper has found in its favour. He can be moderate in everything except the use of his intellectual powers. I might let capitalism go as a cause of the Great Rebellion; but I jib when it comes to jettisoning religion as well. No religion among the Puritans? Merely defence of property rights in the resistance to James II? Mr Trevor-Roper refuses to be called a Marxist, being in fact a better Marxist than those who claim to be so. At any rate, like Marxists, he finds social forces easier to rationalise about and therefore exalts them above religion.

Mr Trevor-Roper puts Halifax the Trimmer first among other statesmen of the seventeenth century and seeks to follow his example. Yet I should hesitate to go sailing with Trevor-Roper. He would be intent to sit the boat, but the vehemence of his trimming might carry him overboard on the other side.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

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Friar Felix Rides Again

Once to Sinai. By H. F. M. PRESCOTT. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 30s.

'Balash awanta' – 'Stop this deceit!' – is one of the essential injunctions in most self-respecting Arabic phrase-books: it dovetails neatly with *'Di omla battala'* ('This is a bad coin') and *'Borreh!'* ('What a man!' – Shake the lapel of your coat for emphasis). Such phrases, and the naive knavery they connote, are characteristic of regions where crushing poverty is met by monoglot tourists, fabulously rich by local standards, but with tight budgets and a nervous grasp on their wallets. *Bakshish*, in fact, is only a mild form of supertax paid on a higher standard of living: its chief disadvantage is that much of it goes to smart local operators often richer than the donors themselves.

This paradox, familiar enough in our own day, was equally true, it seems, in the fifteenth century, when conditions of travel in the Levant were very much the same as now. The tourists, then, were pilgrims; and in lieu of Cook's or Mr Anthony Carson, the travel agencies were Venetian merchant princes, assisted – if that's the right word – by stern and resourceful dragomans and an army of camp-followers, some honest, some not. When Friar Felix Fabri and his odd score of knightly companions set out from Jerusalem in the late summer of 1483, it was to this hazardous network that they entrusted their goods and persons. In a larger company, Friar Felix was already familiar with the normal pilgrim-route from Europe to Jerusalem – a comparatively unadventurous tract perhaps corresponding to the 'A' and 'B' type tours in the early pages of the brochure. But now a reduced party set out on a far more recondite excursion, the southward trip through the desert to Mount Sinai, returning along the Gulf of Suez, eastwards to Cairo and then to Alexandria, whence they would sail for Venice and home across the Alps.

Miss Prescott, author of *The Man on a Donkey*, has had what Mr Jaggers might have called 'a pretty large experience' of pilgrims, since in *Jerusalem Journey* she's already described the adventures of Friar Felix as far as the Holy City. Her source for these, as for his later travels, is the teemingly detailed *Evagatorium* that he compiled on his return to the Dominican House at Ulm. She supplements this with accounts from other travellers, but Friar Felix is her most copious and by far her most entertaining source. Endlessly curious, shamelessly autobiographical, and superlatively specific, he leaves almost nothing out. Despite his tonsure and his friar's habit, he's the Herbert Kubly of his day and age.

Right from the start, the party ran up against the ways of the East. On the first day, the camelmen stopped just outside Gaza, and refused to make a long trek. There was trouble, next, about loading, for each camel had to have the same burden, and their drivers were no respecters of private whims. The pilgrims soon found, too, that their woven tents gave far less protection than leather. The *khamsin* blew; the camels sank in soft sand; the desert salt tore the pilgrims' boots; the meat went bad; water was scarce; strange Arabs looked threatening, and had to be paid off; many of the medicines were lost in the descent of the Tih escarpment. There was money to be paid to the monks of Mount Sinai; and on the return journey, through Cairo and Alexandria, the pilgrims seemed always to be feeling in their pouches for the benefit of customs officers, dragomans, guides, and pedlars of various necessary services. Boats down the Nile were hired and paid for, then had to be paid for again at the destination. The sea voyage home was stormy, and slow.

But if all these details bring the pilgrims almost uncomfortably near to us, Friar Felix himself comes nearer still. He had a boundless capacity for enjoyment. He was deeply impressed, as who is not, by the vast indifferent emptiness of the desert, by its shifting lights and landscapes, by the sharp vividness of the green Nile Valley, and the incredible colours of the hills. Coming from the desert's barrenness, and its contrasts of drenching heat and cold, he was amazed by his sensitiveness to subtle scents and flavours. At every hill, he scrambled up to have a look at the other side; at every anchorage on the way home, he went ashore to investigate. He sneaked off to see the Pyramids; he did some forbidden bathing; and, every time, he nearly got left behind.

'Nearly' is the operative word. For Friar Felix had much in his make-up of the 'old soldier': he always fell on his feet. Somehow, he always rejoined the party; and somehow, he usually did better than the others. He always got his share of any delicacy that was going – including manna, of which delicious tamarisk gum, he confesses, he ate 'a lot'. He it was who had the provisions when the party climbed Gebel Katerina; he it was who got a clandestine haircut and shave in Cairo; he it was who escaped several of the constant levies; he it was who successfully smuggled quantities of contraband under his saintly robes. Even on the voyage back, when others were groaning in more expensive quarters, Friar Felix (who had paid nothing) was ensconced in the warm below decks on a pile of Turkey carpets with convenient access to the ship's food.

For all his medieval learning and simple piety, then, Friar Felix is an engagingly contemporary figure, suspended between the Middle Ages and the modern world. In *Once to Sinai*, as in her previous book, Miss Prescott has brought him to life magnificently, and in addition has painted a vivid and scholarly picture of what such pilgrimages in practice entailed. Don't be put off by the mawkish dust-jacket, which appears to herald some work of sanctimonious devotion; and don't be too irritated by the relegation of reference notes to the back of the book. These are a small price to pay for so thoroughly captivating a narrative and so charmingly scapegrace a hero as this fifteenth-century Friar Tuck.

RICHARD MAYNE

The Improbable Omnibus

The Early Christian Church. By PHILIP CARRINGTON. *Cambridge. 2 vols.* 52s. 6d. *each.*

The Archbishop of Quebec has made a most readable and instructive addition to the vast corpus of scholarly work on early Christianity. Every aspect of the subject has been investigated with increasing learning and critical apparatus during the past hundred years; opinion shifts continually in response to new discoveries, and each fresh hypothesis has been recorded. Archbishop Carrington is familiar with the territory, and applies to it, in these two handsome, finely produced and illustrated volumes, his gifts of imaginative reconstruction and lucid correlation. The result is a clear, balanced and attractive presentment of the stirring scene, which includes the mass of religious literature, as thick as leaves in Vallambrosa, of two centuries, most of it only known to us from contemporary and later report; and the Christian splinter groups that sprouted forthwith from the teeming, over-heated soil of the Middle East, under the leadership of impassioned prophets and heresiarchs.

Then, as now, new theologies intoxicated the imagination, and religious and philosophic theories were ten a penny. Among them Dr Carrington keeps his head, expounding heresies and their originators with admirable and often entertaining clarity, as also the multitudinous drift of literature, apocryphal gospels and epistles, discourses, legends, religious romances and expositions, that surged up increasingly, so that devotional readers never went short. The final selection of what to canonise was a bewildering job. On the whole, it was pretty well done, though one regrets some of the unchosen, now sunk far from sight. The trouble with the first two centuries as a literary epoch is that they happened a long time ago, as Mr John Wain remarks of the Thirties (and this must cover, *a fortiori*, all the epochs before that).

Peering into those deep dim seas where foundered history lies, we recognise the Greek Gospels which we read today; below them, faintly discerned, are the lost Greek versions and fragments that were their source; below these the shadowy forms of the Aramaic originals, and, deeper still, sound the faint echoes, all but drowned in the waves that long since surged over them, which we call Oral Tradition. In the deep waters swim Q and L (but no longer Ur-Mark; that clumsy Germanic fish is now drowned). To scholars, all these versions which they never saw seem as real as if they lay on their desks. Mgr Knox explains in a footnote to his St. Matthew translation that, though the Greek word in a passage means 'till', the Hebrew word used meant 'when'. How did he know? Dr Carrington, too, is at home with all these lost scriptures, having read about them in Eusebius and other near-contemporary writers. He is familiar, too, with all the heresies, with the Syrian gnostics and docetics, with Marcion of Pontus, whom Polycarp called 'the first-born of Satan', with the Ebionites, with Tatian, that unbalanced man, who proclaimed universal celibacy. 'I detest fornication. I am free from a mad thirst for fame. I despise death'—so he took up with astrology and pagan myths. There are good pages on Papias, Irenaeus, Justin, Clement, Basilides, and a great number more. He places them in their historic and geographical setting, in the context of the world events that rocked the storm-tossed cradle of the Church.

On the apostolic age that preceded them, he writes with learning and comprehension, and says some fresh things; one gets the impression that St Paul stands perhaps rather in the north of his sympathies. He handles the provenance and dates of the Gospels, Epistles and Acts from a standpoint which seems about midway between the conservative and liberal traditions, but inclining slightly to the former. The hectic apocalyptic fantasies of Revelation and the Epistle to the Thessalonians he civilises into poetry and symbolic myth never meant to be taken literally ('they are such stuff as dreams are made on'), and preserves a refreshing rational balance throughout. The language is at times over-simplified; we sometimes feel in a class-room (as in the paragraph telling us about the past of Athens which seems to assume juvenile or simple readers) but more often in a voluminous and well-ordered library, card-indexed with skill, so that we are taken about the scene, moving to and fro between philosophies and actions, and always against the stupendous background of the imperial, Hellenised, Judaic and Alexandrian world. Later come the great persecutions, the Roman mobs howling for blood and torture, the dauntless courage of the martyrs; and, behind the carnage and the theologies, the strange road winds through the disturbed landscape, with the unwieldy, improbable omnibus called the Christian Church picking up passengers and lumbering unevenly along through the first stages of its questionable, exhilarating and most peculiar journey. On these first stages Archbishop Carrington has turned an illuminating torch.

ROSE MACAULAY

The Great Days of Oliver

The Greatness of Oliver Cromwell. By MAURICE ASHLEY. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 25*s.*

The anniversary is upon us. In 1658 the Lord Protector died, and the 'great days of Oliver' were at an end. We can, I imagine, expect several works of commemoration. Already, a year before the event, the first has arrived. We shall be fortunate if they all possess the clarity, balance and good sense of Mr Ashley's study, admirably written and illustrated (though why should the Chequers Trust have refused him permission to inspect the portraits of Cromwell's parents, reputedly at Chequers?). Here is a biography of Cromwell which sets a high standard of excellence in its sobriety and elegant presentation.

Yet, in dealing with a man so complex, so titanic as Cromwell, sobriety is perhaps not in itself sufficient. Each age re-creates Cromwell in its own image, and Mr Ashley has been at pains to construct for us the mid-twentieth-century model. He has incorporated the results of all the most recent research, and summarised, very interestingly, the historiography of Cromwell, including that of the 1930s, as represented by his own earlier biography, *Oliver Cromwell, the Conservative Dictator*. All this is useful, and needed to be done; but the result is a book that lacks the

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EDWARD ARNOLD

pioneering excitement, the suggestion of new discoveries to come, which characterise, for example, Professor Trevor-Roper's recent essay on Cromwell and his parliaments. It may be that Mr Ashley, having meditated much on Cromwell and modified some of his earlier conclusions, feels the need for caution, but this makes at times for a certain flatness, a slackening of tension, ill-suited to so violent a career as Cromwell's. The biography has something of the air of a lapidary inscription – a judicious statement of what has been done, rather than an incitement to do more.

Yet it would be wrong to suggest that Mr Ashley's caution prevents him from sustaining an independent point of view. There has been a significant shift of emphasis from his earlier book, from Cromwell the dictator to Cromwell the apostle of liberty of conscience. This is the Cromwell to appeal to the Nineteen-Fifties, the sane, tolerant Cromwell who declares that he will not 'meddle with any man's conscience'; who allows the Jews to re-settle in England, and treats the Roman Catholics with moderation. This is an attractive picture, and Mr Ashley makes the most of it. Yet 'liberty of conscience' has gathered so many connotations since Cromwell's times that it is not always easy to see it in its seventeenth-century context, with all its defects and limitations; and when Mr Ashley writes that, to Cromwell, 'liberty of conscience was the main cause of the civil wars and its security the leading purpose of government', his remark may create an impression of Cromwell's being motivated only by religious preoccupations, in their most restricted sense. This could be as misleading as the argument that he was interested only in *salus populi*.

Cromwell himself spoke not of one but of two guiding principles: 'Religion' and the 'Interest of the Nation'. 'If I were to give an account . . . why I engaged in the late wars, I could give no account but it would be wicked if it did not comprehend these two ends.'. For him, religion and government were indissoluble parts of a whole, and his immediate concern was their combination to create, under God, an ordered commonwealth. Such a state, which would allow the free exercise of pure and undefiled religion, depended upon the restoration of the social and political order – the harmonious organisation of society under divine government – which had been so persistent an ideal since the end of Elizabeth's reign. Such a harmony involved the restoration of a balanced constitution, the preservation of property, and the removal of the ugly Jacobean and Caroline excresences upon the body politic. This was the Interest of the Nation, which 'though it is, and indeed I think ought to be, subordinate to a more peculiar interest of God, yet it is the next best God hath given men in this world'.

It was for this organic concept of a divinely ordered society, in which each would be free to work out his own salvation, that Cromwell struggled. All the time he wished to heal, bind up, unite. Mr Ashley's own phrase, 'an ordered Christian liberty', comes nearer, in the twentieth century, to expressing Cromwell's purpose than the looser 'liberty of conscience'. Once get back to the integrated, well-governed, God-fearing Elizabethan society pictured by the seventeenth-century imagination, and all would be well. For Cromwell does not really belong to us, to the twentieth century; as Mr Ashley remarks in a footnote, he was, after all, an Elizabethan.

JOHN ELLIOTT

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Double Anniversary

The Transfer of Power in India. By V. P. MENON. *Longmans.* 50*s*.

Eighteen Fifty-Seven. By SURENDRA NATH SEN. *Indian Ministry of Information.* 15*s*.

Even the least opportunist of historians is sometimes stimulated by the anniversary-coincidence; it is the one temptation he shares with journalists. This year's double event in Indian history is irresistible, and properly so.

It is quite startling to consider that only ninety years separate the savage despairing barbarities of the 1857 Mutiny from the civilised and decent, if more frustrating, negotiations for the Indian Liberation. The Mutiny – passionate, hopeless, undirected, meaningless – debased everyone. Few episodes of anti-colonialism (which strictly speaking the Mutiny was not) ever produced such extravagances of beastliness on both sides. But nothing in the British Imperial record so well became it as the Cabinet Mission's performance in the tormenting period immediately preceding the transfer of power, ten years ago. While Holland and France were attempting in their own Asian dominions to resist the inevitable and crush nationalism by force, the Attlee government made its classic compromise with virtue and necessity. The contrast in political dignity, simple morality, and final national advantage was obvious enough then, and those ten years have made it clearer still.

To those of us who found ourselves at the time attached in a peripheral sort of way to the climactic doings in the Simla of May 1946 it was easy enough to express the whole stonewalling quandary in terms of the truly fabulous caste of personalities involved – the scrupulous, sleepless Cripps; the remote, pervasive Gandhi, holding court at dawn; the ironclad Vallabhbhai Patel; the gaunt and elegant Jinnah, producing forever, as they said, a difficulty for every solution. Now that there were no more secrets, now that the pay-off was inevitable, the divisions between Congress and the Muslim League seemed cosmically irreconcilable. Sitting in the bizarre surroundings of the Anglo-Saxon hill-station, among the bewildered colonels and memsahibs of a disappearing age, haggard with argument, Jawaharlal Nehru said to me: 'After many years of experience and strife, I am almost achieving the condition of detachment'. It was like living inside the works of a great demented clock, whirring with wheels that never seemed to mesh.

Somewhere among this teeming disputing company of extroverts, unobserved but mostly minutely observing, was Mr V. P. Menon, senior member of the ICS and Constitutional Adviser to the Governor-General. Mr Menon had already been intimately connected with every constitutional development in India for nearly thirty years, ever since Montagu had started the long process of emancipation in 1917. Probably no one knew more of the backroom machinery that was leading, tortuously, towards a free India. It is hard to think that anyone could have recorded the story more lucidly, justly, effectively and, in a curious undertone, regretfully.

As a dedicated Indian Civil Servant, Mr Menon commits himself to practically no judgments on detail; as an intelligent Indian patriot he is bound to colour all his final conclusions with bitterness at the intransigent communalism that brought about the wretched solution of Partition. Part of the importance of his book is as a reminder of the depth of the divisions that existed then, and continue to exist today.

How long independence was delayed by the interminable Hindu-Muslim wrangling he clearly cannot guess; how much nationalist energy was squandered in mutual suspicion; how confused was the distrust of the British with the distrust of the other religious community. It is inevitable that the record implicitly blames the inflexible obstinacy of Mr Jinnah ever since the Lahore resolution begot the idea of a Pakistan in 1940. Mr Menon suggests that Congress unwisely helped this along by quitting the provincial governments two years later; by the end of the war the Muslim League was rock-solid; and by 1947 the embittered, impractical, uneconomic two-nation principle was a fact.

'It is never too late for men of goodwill to take stock of realities,' says Mr Menon in his concluding sentence, 'for the leaders to sit down calmly and dispassionately, and together evolve some common machinery which would not merely minimise the rigours of partition but, by banishing all sense of fear and conflict, would bring about for both countries enduring peace and progress'.

Beside the austere composure of Mr Menon the narrative of the Mutiny has a resounding, almost archaic melodrama, so remote does one seem from the other, so sensibly rarely were the horrors of 1857 invoked in the arguments of 1946. Strangely, *Eighteen Fifty-Seven* is the first authoritative account of the Indian Mutiny ever prepared by an Indian, and the very considerable success of Dr Sen is that it is far more objective and unemotionally reasonable than almost any of the thousand and one other accounts published from British sources. While he assails the outrages of the East India Company's troops he condemns the brutish hysteria of the Sepoy mobs, and the legends he dismisses impartially on both sides. 'The war of 1857,' he writes,

> was not a conflict between barbarism and civilisation, for neither side observed a single restriction which humanity had imposed and which oriental and occidental nations had tacitly agreed to honour. It was an inhuman fight between peoples driven insane by hatred and fear. . . . To revive the memory of those evil days may not be desirable,

but history must record how thin is the mask of civilisation we wear . . . Hindu, Muslim and Christian alike.

No moral issues were involved in 1857, nor was it a Nationalist uprising, still less a simple military revolt. Dr Sen sets out its gruesome complications fairly, and with what almost seems a kind of cathartic relief – the days of the greased cartridges are well put behind – and 'India has achieved more than the independence for which the heroes of 1857 fought; she has achieved freedom'.

A century later even more Indians were to die in the divided Punjab and the bloody streets of Delhi, at the hands of Indians – and that is where the historic memories of Dr Sen give place to the quiet forebodings of Mr Menon.

JAMES CAMERON

So Big, So Rich

Roman Imperial Civilisation. By HAROLD MATTINGLY. *Arnold.* 35*s.*

Empires are out of fashion nowadays; so are the Romans. We distrust power, and we dislike the religiosity and moralising that usually accompany it; we find the Romans ugly and inhumane. Nor do we warm to them any the more when it is suggested that a study of their efforts to cope with European disunity may help us in our present intercontinental discontents. Even the vigour of the brilliant Penguin series of translations does not persuade the general reader into any fondness for Roman civilisation.

Mr Mattingly's book is not going to change all this. Mr Mattingly is a numismatist and, faced with the formidable assignment of following in the footsteps of Sir William Tarn and Mr Runciman, he has produced a catalogue. He begins with an historical sketch, and goes on to deal in turn with the empire at large, the cities within it, the civil service, the army, social life, economics, religion, philosophy, literature and art. He has an unhappy habit of throwing in a few platitudes before he starts: 'History cannot be fully defined either as an art or as a science'; or 'Books are written and read for more than one purpose'. Once past the prolegomena, the catalogues themselves are careful and comprehensive; but they cannot be said to be exciting.

Of course, the task of putting a whole civilisation between one pair of covers is a hopeless one. So we must resign ourselves to lists, and remember that even Mr Mattingly's distinguished predecessors did not altogether escape the tedium of completeness. Sir William Tarn and Mr Runciman, moreover, had comparatively easy jobs, since both the Hellenistic and the Byzantine worlds were relatively obscure and relatively stable. The trouble about Rome was that it was so big, so rich and so various. Its 'civilisation' can only be described by detailing component parts; but the most vital parts are those which are the most delicate and the most subject to change. It is a thankless and unrewarding task to indicate the greatness of Horace in a paragraph; it may be misleading to describe imperial institutions as though they remained substantially the same from the accession of Augustus to the foundation of Constantinople.

Historical change, indeed, is the central puzzle of Rome, just as it was the fall of Rome that first provoked men to think about human mutability on the grand scale. To deal with this puzzle by reciting palace gossip (complete with 'unworthy favourites' and all that) is not enough. Mr Mattingly, however, is a believer in value judgments in history (though the climax of his condemnation of the circuses is, oddly enough, that 'there was an incredible waste of time'); he is, indeed, a Christian apologist. Emperors are good or bad in his view according to their favourable or persecuting attitude towards the Christians. This emphasis on the minority group leads to distortion. Gibbon may have been wrong (Mr Mattingly naturally thinks that he was) to ascribe the fall of Rome to the Christians; but he was surely right in seeing that Christianity was antithetical to all Rome stood for. It may be true that Christianity was in some way or other 'better' than Roman imperial civilisation: it was certainly impossible for the two to flourish together; and it remains impossible to get very far in understanding the one if our value judgments are dominated by the other.

C. S. BENNETT

Practical Jacobite

The Life of Charles, 2nd Earl of Middleton. By DOROTHY MIDDLETON. *Staples.* 21*s.*

Jacobites are popularly admired for being reckless, feckless persons, always ready to risk their lives in a hopeless wild-goose chase. Charles Middleton, a practical, level-headed, cautious civil servant, who never endangered his own neck for a moment, offends that general notion. Consequently, he has been treated by Jacobite writers as too dull for words. It has been left to Mrs Middleton to correct that impression and to render tardy justice to this staunch, sensible loyalist in a handsome biography. Lord Middleton served King James II faithfully as Secretary of State both when on the throne and when in exile – for richer, for poorer, for better, for worse. Hardly a Jacobite among them could say the same – certainly not one of those Roman Catholic bigots who surrounded James in France urging him to reconquer his kingdom by the sword. For Middleton gave his King the only possible sound advice in his situation, which was to come to terms with his rebellious subjects rather than fight them. Strange as it may seem in the light of after events, the Jacobite cause between 1689 and James II's death in 1701 was far from lost. If James had abdicated, or simply died, or been persuaded to despatch his son to England to be brought up as a Protestant (a proposition twice put forward in 1696 and 1700 with William III's approval), there might have been no Hanoverian dynasty after Queen Anne. But the priests and Mary of Modena were too many for Middleton. They had brought James to his knees and they kept him there; and by the time he was dead the Stuarts were past praying for. Middleton stayed on with the Old Pretender at St Germain, 'the dreadfullest place in France next the Bastille' as he wryly called it. He even turned Catholic, a step which revealed that his policy of appeasement had died with James II; for as long as the Jacobite Secretary of State remained a nominal Protestant (he was actually agnostic) their cause was not irrevocably committed to Rome. The Old Pretender conferred an Earldom on him, but he never used the title – a tacit admission that there was no future for it. He died in 1719, at 'the dreadfullest place', having 'always had the character of an honest man', in the words of his lifelong friend, the Duke of Berwick.

In compiling this *Life* Mrs Middleton has not stinted her research. Besides the many published books covering the period, many of them extremely recondite, she has tackled the original MSS at the Bodleian and in the British Museum, where Middleton's papers when Secretary of State for England have been fairly recently deposited. In discussing events she adopts the

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standpoint of impartial historian, concealing her Jacobite sympathies as best she can. (It is not until page 162 that we find the crucial word 'usurper' applied to William III.) Middleton's trustworthy nature and adroit political moves are clearly vindicated. But one misses any trace of humour in her writing. Middleton was renowned for his wit as well as his sensible views; and Mrs Middleton adds little to our acquaintance with that side of his character. His retort to the priest who was sent to convert him to Catholicism is famous and must be re-quoted. 'You believe in the Trinity?' began the Jesuit. 'Who told you so?'

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Rattle Their Bones

An Anthology of Chartist Literature. Edited by Y. V. KOVALEV. *Central Books.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This is an unexpected book, for it is not an English book at all. It is a Russian textbook for which an English wrapper has been provided. The Introduction, Commentary, Index and Bibliography are all in Russian; the binding is Russian; so is the printing and the paper, which is bad and has a most peculiar smell. I have compared it physically with Radek's *Soviet Constitution* which I received from Moscow in 1919; there has been no change in printing standards. There has probably been considerable change in other standards, but I do not know enough Russian to tell you what are the lessons inculcated in the Introduction; the Commentary, so far as I can pick it out, seems pretty objective. The selection of documents itself is one that deserves high praise; it is unexpected at times, but is none the worse for that. There has certainly never before been so large an anthology of Chartist verse printed anywhere. Though a Russian editor may not know it, the verse is bad; there are few poems with the vigour of

> Rattle his bones over the stones,
> He's only a pauper whom nobody owns—

(wrongly called 'anonymous' here; it is by T. Noel). Even when most moved, Chartist poets never rose above bathos, as in Watkins's *Lines on George Shell, killed at Newport:*

> The redcoat fired—poor Shell expired.
> Freedom! he cried;
> He spoke, and died.
> He gained the freedom he required.

Or 'Iota' on the other victims of the scuffle:

> The fallen brave! fallen in a glorious cause,
> Howe'er mistaken in their way—to gain
> Their country's liberty they strove. Though slain
> Not fruitless was their fight, but worthy our applause.

But bad verse is as significant to the historian as good; by no other light could we see so clearly into the heads and hearts of the common Chartists. The speeches and articles (of which there are fewer, and less well-chosen, examples) are far less enlightening, for in them the writers are on parade, taking the expected attitudes and shouting rhodomontade which often meant nothing even to them.

Most interesting, perhaps, are two extracts, rather over twenty pages each, from two forgotten novels, *Woman's Wrongs* by Ernest Jones and *The Secret* by Thomas Frost. Nonsense they most certainly are, but such vigorous nonsense! and well enough written in their preposterous way to rank their authors with Eugene Sue and George Reynolds. Jones's heroine, Margaret, is the wife of a brutalised bricklayer; through his drunkenness and the selfishness of the capitalists she is driven to crime, and in the end is hanged. As the crowd disperses from the hanging

> two young shopmen passed by. 'Is that the child of the woman that has just been hung?' one of them asked the girl who carried Mary. 'Yes, Sir!' 'Poor thing, what will become of it?' said the other. 'Luckily for her, she's pretty!' rejoined the first. Both smiled knowingly and twirled their clouded canes.

Frost's finale punches even harder. After many adventures (including what is clearly some Chartist secret history) Vincent, a stern old Chartist carpenter, faces the Duke of Belgrave, who has deliberately driven to misery his granddaughter—that grand-daughter who was the fruit of the Duke's son's seduction of his daughter. He tells the Duke that he arranged it so that two babies were secretly exchanged soon after birth, and the girl whom the Duke has been cherishing as his own 'Lady Alicia Villiers' is really 'the child of my blue-eyed broken-hearted girl'. At first the Duke rages and will not believe it, but at length he says 'Where then is Alicia?'

> 'In St Giles' Workhouse', replied Vincent coolly, at the same time closely scrutinising the Duke's countenance to mark the effect of his reply. The Duke staggered as if he had received a blow, and tottered to a seat, murmuring in a tone which was almost inaudible 'This is Retribution!'

The Russians are, I think, unwise to publish this book. Whatever its Introduction may say, students will read Massey's praise of Petöfi, Ernest Jones's enthusiasm for the Polish revolt against Russia, and page after crude page of calls to revolt against the tyrants, censors and police brutes, whose lineaments they cannot fail to recognise still around them in Moscow.

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Underground History

Coal and Steel in Western Europe. By NORMAN POUNDS and WILLIAM N. PARKER. *Faber.* 45*s.*

Before the eighteenth century the coal and iron industries had separate histories: in terms of geography also they formed two distinct patterns on the land, neither directly affecting the other. This interesting new study, the work of a geographer and an economist, tells how coal and iron came together in a new technical and business complex. The dispersion of the iron industry along streams, on the hills and in the forests, gave way gradually to its concentration on the coalfields. The effects of the change were social and political as well as economic and technical. What began with alchemy in the case of steel and rough-and-ready empiricism in the case of iron ended with giant business plants and large-scale integration. The twentieth-century alchemists are not men like Theophilus or Lazarus Ercker but Monnet and Schuman. Instead of beginning their recipes, 'burn the horn of an ox in the fire, and scrape it, and mix it with a third part salt, and grind it strongly', they start with the words, 'take the German, French and other European steel industries, place above them a European agency, add a third part salt (that ingredient is constant), and offer them the prospect of a single, free, expanding European market'. Professors Pounds and Parker have produced an invaluable, although far from exhaustive, account of what happened between these two sets of experiments.

The dramatic break in this book comes between parts two and three. Down to page 248 Professor Pounds tells a story of continuous expansion. The statistics speak for themselves: they were the 'hard facts' of the new iron age and the ensuing age of steel. Between 1880 and 1913 the annual rate of coal production was about 3 per cent., in coke and pig-iron output over 5 per cent., and in steel about 8 per cent. After 1913, when Professor Parker takes over, production moved from catastrophe to climax in three successive waves, and until very recently the year 1929 represented the best that the European economy could achieve. The statistics no longer spoke for themselves. Not only did they cry out for expert interpretation but they demanded in addition a retrospective examination of the 'hard facts' of the pre-1914 period.

Chapter Two of Professor Parker's section attempts such an investigation, and it is the most interesting analytical part of this book. Despite all easy generalisations about the restrictive role of cartels, a number of large firms joined together before 1914 for rapid increases in output. Professor Parker sets out to show why, enjoying himself incidentally by comparing syndicates in Germany and France. The former resembled medieval knights, bristling with regulations and noisily brandishing an array of ferocious weapons with which to attack the market: the latter 'shimmered delicately like webs of light gossamer'.

'The difficulties between the two wars,' as Professor Parker calls them, deserve less general treatment than they receive here. The slowing down of innovations, the sluggishness of demand and the consequent narrowing of economic opportunity need to be related more to the political framework and to the beginnings of a new age of electricity and alloys. With the Schuman proposals of May 1950, however, we rise to the surface again. Cynics might have said at the

time, indeed, that we were rising to the clouds, but Professor Parker provides a balanced estimate of what can be and has been done, and a wide-ranging appendix on economic growth which could keep his colleagues busy for generations.

ASA BRIGGS

New Novels

The Matador. By HENRY DE MONTHERLANT. *Elek.* 15*s.*

The Volcanoes Above Us. By NORMAN LEWIS. *Cape.* 15*s.*

Giovanni's Room. By JAMES BALDWIN. *Michael Joseph.* 15*s.*

The Child of Fortune. By P. B. ABERCROMBIE. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

Once, during a railway journey from Madrid to Seville, I managed to tell the story of how, during the Napoleonic wars, the natives of Mevagissey hanged a monkey which had floated ashore from a shipwreck because they took it for a French spy. It was received with fervent enthusiasm but no surprise whatever. To the Spanish with their traditional hatred and scorn of the French, the mistake seemed perfectly natural. French romantics, though well aware of what the Spanish feel towards them, are a little dismayed. They continue to adore the sombre Iberian mystery with results which, as is well known, seldom turn out to be in quite the best artistic taste. Even the fastidious de Montherlant is no exception here.

The Matador, a translation of *Les Bestiaires*, an early novel which he started writing at the age of fifteen when living in Burgos and finished later, is certainly a very superior exercise in *espagnolisme*. There are brilliant descriptive passages and flashes of arresting characterisation. Nevertheless, at the risk of basing a judgment on this version by a translator who is markedly ill at ease in the Andalusian scene, I seem to detect a note of strain and affectation. This may be partly due to the story, which, detached from its context and baldly stated, is exquisitely trite: young French aristocrat, a passionate aficionado, made to become a torero, burns to make love to Duke's daughter; she says yes, but only if he fights her father's wickedest bull. And partly it may be due to the copious injections of mysticism. Montherlant, whose identity with his hero here, as in most of his books, is very close, positively revels in the cult of Mithras. Admittedly he provides, in between the ecstasies, some fascinating historical matter. It is refreshing to be reminded in a novel about bullfighting of Renan's suggestion that if Christianity had died the world would have been Mithraic, and of how the Mithraic priesthood accused the Christians of plagiarising a number of their ideas, such as purification by the blood of the lamb. True, the attitude of bullfighters and the bullfighting public towards the bull is strongly ambivalent and totemistic (like that of the English squirearchy towards their fox). But when it comes to the equation of death and the stab with the sexual act, his protestations become rather strident. Yet however uneven, whether at fifteen or sixty, Montherlant is exhilarating to read.

South or, as in this case, Central America has a special unattractive mystique of its own composed of emptiness and suffering. This is a zoologist's, botanist's, geologist's continent; humanists are advised that there is unlikely to be much hope south of Mexico City. In *The Volcanoes Above Us*, one of those philosophical adventure-stories which are the literary products of ...ese regions, *cf* Traven, Mr Lewis has discovered a new horror. This is the attempt of an American big business man, one of those professionally relaxed, sympathetic-seeming, near-intellectuals, to rehabilitate the Chilam Indians of Guatemala, direct descendants of the Mayas, and turn them not only into docile coffee-cultivators but also into tamed denizens, dancing exhibits for the expected influx of Leica-toting tourists from the USA. The story is told in laconic dead-pan style by David Williams, a young Englishman who joins an insurrectionary army, secretly backed by the Americans, to get back his family coffee estate which had been confiscated by the demagogic dictator. He himself is not an altogether satisfactory character, nor is his half-caste mistress, Greta. The comic figures are more successful: Elliot, the American tycoon, and Kranz, a middle-aged German soldier of fortune who encourages the local military to believe that he is wanted in Europe as a war criminal. There is discordance between the satirical and the tragic mood; but the writing, and especially the descriptions of action, is so sharp and economical that it carries you all the way with it, so that only when you have finished do you start asking yourself why an unusually good book was not better still.

Giovanni's Room is one of those painstakingly sincere homosexual novels—I feel we may be in for a spate of them—that somehow just fail to connect. David, a young American student whose fiancée, Hella, is away in Spain, goes out for a Paris café crawl with an old queer and meets an Italian barman with whom he falls deeply in love. When Hella comes back he chucks him. Giovanni runs amok and murders Guillaume, one of those

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*The highlight of the **Autumn Reading Number,** now on sale (3s.) is a critical symposium on JOSEPH CONRAD TODAY, with articles by: **Oliver Warner, John Wain, W. W. Robson, Richard Freislich, Tom Hopkinson, Jocelyn Baines, Richard Curle;** there is also a characteristic and witty study of old age, DE SENECTUTE, by **E. M. Forster,** stories by two new authors, **Shevawn Lynam** and **A. E. Ellis,** and many poems and book reviews as usual.

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LONGMANS

iniquitous veteran homosexual crook-panders. It is efficiently and briskly written with plenty of sidelong dialogue and useful night-life scenes, but there is something wrong somewhere. David's case-history simply does not hang together. At one moment he is too much of an habituated homosexual to behave as he does, at another too little.

Miss Abercrombie is strongly fancied as one of the white hopes among the rising generation of intelligent women novelists. She can certainly write. She can also overwrite. *The Child of Fortune* might have been a better book if she could have trained it down a bit finer before sending it into the ring. As it is, it puts up a distinctly impressive performance in depth – despite surplus verbiage. And its pivotal character, Neal Gilder, an orphan Californian near-*wunderkind* manqué, is remarkably round – for such a difficult fiction-writing exercise. His background is immensely complicated. His breezy foster-father lives in one house alone. His foster-mother lives in another nearby with a jealous deceitful woman-friend. Neal himself inspires maternal passions everywhere, while suffering from typical orphan distress symptoms. The story consists mainly of his relations, which become increasingly intense and tangled, with a rich Englishwoman. The action is divided fairly evenly between California, New York and England. The end is one of those life-like readjustments with everybody changed.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Recent Penguin Classics include *The Song of Roland* in a new translation by Dorothy L. Sayers and Walter Hilton's *Ladder of Perfection*, translated by Leo Sherley-Price (3s. 6d. each).

Shorter Reviews

Europe Since Napoleon. By DAVID THOMSON. *Longmans.* 42*s.*

This book certainly offers value for money: over 900 pages, 27 maps, 6 diagrams, all for two guineas. It surveys every sort of European history from the French revolution to 1955 – politics, economics, art, science, culture. The standard of accuracy is high; the judgments are enlightened. This is a one-man encyclopædia. So much knowledge, so much scholarship, so much patient thought – what for? The author himself has no doubt read his book through. Will anyone except a conscientious reviewer ever follow his example? A reader who tried to absorb the whole of this book would be driven out of his mind. Considered simply as a textbook, it is less satisfactory. As Gilbert Scott said of St Pancras station, it is too good for its purpose. Too long, too comprehensive, unwieldy in size and arrangement. Compared to old Grant and Temperley which has been the stock textbook for a generation, this book has every advantage except one, but that one decisive. Grant and Temperley make mistakes, but they cover the ground clearly. A student relying on this book will wander for ever in the Serbonian bog.

A. J. P. T.

The History of the British Navy. By MICHAEL LEWIS. *Penguin Books.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

If you want a competent, up-to-date textbook on any historical subject, look for a Pelican about it. If a Pelican exists, it will not be anything less, and it may be something more. This guidance, of course, applies only to books first appearing in Pelican form, and presumably commissioned by whatever *Serenissima* shapes that collection; books which have appeared in other forms first may be more idiosyncratic, possibly more inspiring, but less directly serviceable.

The History of the British Navy is an admirable example of the serviceable history. It is responsible: within its brief compass it seeks to cover the whole field. It is accurate and scholarly, as befits the work of a leading authority. It is well written in an informal way. It brings out interesting points forcefully. In addition to all this it puts a point of view: it presents the Navy always in its historic form, not as the 'Royal Navy' only, but as 'all British ships and all Britons'. If the reader occasionally feels that both he and the author would like to have explored some creeks instead of remaining so consistently in mid-channel, he must remember that a wide-ranging book would be less serviceable. One cannot have everything.

J. D. S.

The Bayeux Tapestry. Edited by SIR FRANK STENTON. *Phaidon Press.* 47*s.* 6*d.*

It is rare in a volume of this kind to be able to commend equally the plates and the text, but this beautifully produced and reasonably priced book will attract alike those who merely want to gaze at this miracle of medieval art and those who want to discover the latest views of scholars on its interpretation, its origins, and the nature of its workmanship.

As one of the writers says, the tapestry is like a strip cartoon, racy, emphatic, colourful, with a good deal of blood and thunder, and some ribaldry, but taken as a dramatic commentary on the supposed faithlessness of Harold and his consequent punishment it is also a finely organised work of art, whose moral another writer compares to that of *Macbeth*. There is mystery about it, too. We do not know where it was made. Professor Wormald favours English designers. The French – naturally – have disagreed. We do not know why Harold paid the visit to Normandy and swore the oath which occasioned William's invasion, and here two of the commentators disagree. We cannot be sure how Harold died, even though the Tapestry depicts it. And the strange, suggestive picture with the inscription 'Where a clerk and Aelfgyva' will always be unexplained. But the Tapestry is one of the most marvellous historical documents in the world and the Phaidon Press have paid it a fitting tribute in scholarship and printing. The colour plates make one long to visit the Bishop's Palace in Bayeux, and yet make a visit seem unnecessary.

J. L. T.

Exploring Castles. By W. DOUGLAS SIMPSON. *Routledge.* 21*s.*

The doyen of authorities on British castles proselytises unpretentiously and with an enthusiasm which scholarship has not jaded. Exploring castles is the poor man's archæology. It combines the romance of past ages with the practical excitement of puzzling out the date of a postern gate or the plan of a ruined keep. Dr Simpson's book is just what is needed to put into coherent relationship the many admirable pamphlets on individual castles produced by the Ministry of Works and the National Trust. His descriptions are clear and, save that he overemphasises the importance of Crusading experience, his verdicts are just. The significance of the castles in national and local history is explained and he relates the plan of the castles to the manner of life of their inhabitants. It is interesting that Norman kings frequently made the only entrance to their wine-cellar through the queen's chamber.

Dr Simpson follows the illogical convention of defining a castle as something brought by the Normans to this country. He thus excludes from his book not only the main Roman forts but also the great English earthworks and the Northern brochs. But he makes up for this at the other end. He is particularly strong on fourteenth- and fifteenth-century castles and on the modifications in their plans to provide for the rising standard of living of their lords and to guard against the treachery of mercenaries who, in an age not unlike Machiavelli's Italy, formed the main part of castle garrisons. And some of the best passages in the book describe the many small tower-houses built in Scotland as late as the seventeenth century.

J. T.

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Ark Royal 1939-1941. By WILLIAM JAMESON. *Hart-Davis.* 30*s.*

Beginning at Cammell Laird's Birkenhead yard as Job. No. 1012, the *Ark Royal* had a short but intensely active career before being torpedoed off Spain. She counted for a good deal in the Atlantic and Mediterranean, as well as in the wish-fulfilments of Axis propagandists. She loomed large in the *Graf Spee* episode – larger than life: – she was 1,200 miles from the Plate. She took part in the Norwegian raids and evacuations, and the melancholy fiascoes at Oran and Dakar. Continually skirmishing with the Italian navy, she maintained Malta and, as main protector of the Tyrrhenian, played havoc with Sardinian installations. She figured in the Force H attacks on Genoa, Spezzia and Leghorn, and eventually crippled the *Bismarck*.

A record of such a career might easily have become a congested catalogue. But Sir William Jameson, besides fitting *Ark Royal* into the intricate context of general war, finds space for glimpses of the complement – 'enough men to fill a market-town': the inconspicuous maintenance crews, the stokers and cooks; the private odysseys of ditched aircrew; the ribaldry when refuelling; the harvests of mail from home. The disponibility of the vessel entailed living for the hour. And in so doing, the crew discovered that devotion to the ship was basically an extension of self-respect: in port, 'the personality of the ship recedes'. But Sir William moralises little. He writes a trenchant prose redolent of the operational briefing. Unwilling to gush, yet bound to enthuse, he makes occasional splendid use of the vivid present, and his description of *Ark Royal*'s death-agony.

P. W.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,442 **Set by Arthur Marshall**

These Foolish Things, in the song by Eric Maschwitz and Jack Strachey, 'remind me of you'. The 'Things' were largely *de luxe* articles, *e.g.*, gardenias, the *Ile de France*, wild strawberries, long excited cables, etc. Competitors are invited to write, either in the same or a new form, a chorus or choruses featuring altogether more humdrum and less attractive articles. Limit, 8 lines. Entries by October 29.

Result of 1,439 **Set by Scarface**

The usual prizes are offered for a descriptive catalogue note of any modern baroque masterpiece—*e.g.*, J.-P. Toit-Leboeuf's *Assumption of Jean Cocteau into the Academy* or Sir Osbert Munning-Frith's *Elevation of Evelyn Waugh to the House of Peers.*

Report

'The Blessings of Automation', 'Lord Hailsham preaching to the Converted', 'The Passage of Sir Bernard Docker through the Eye of a Needle', 'Saint Faubus Defending Little Rock', 'Dame Edith Sitwell entering Hollywood', 'Trevor-Roper's assumption of That Chair' – the subjects were endlessly inventive. I much liked J. A. Lindon's 'Mr Mervyn Peake Receives the Freedom of Gormenghast' ('Wearing washleather moccasins and a garment of rusty keys and bearing proudly aloft his peeled willow-twig hoop, the artist steps from the ceremonial brass cage . . .'). Also Bouble's 'Triumphant Transference of the Works of Salvador Dali from the Museum of Modern Art, N.Y., to the Metropolitan Museum, N.Y.' in which the painter 'lies enthroned in a bath on a dais. Outside both museums the staff of the *New Yorker* stand and sneer'.

A guinea each to the six printed below. Runners-up: Desmond Skirrow, Bevis, Martin Jordan, Annie Allen and G. J. Blundell.

SUTHERLAND-LOWRY'S 'NATIONALISATION OF HAROLD MACMILLAN AS AN EDWARDIAN TOURIST ATTRACTION'

The fulcrum of this masterpiece of compositional balance is Macmillan himself, whose monumental gnarled-old-oak facial steadfastness is set off by the rich impasto of his mottled waistcoat. As the instruments of nationalisation are conveyed in Parliament Square, the stylised matchstick MPs, tiered on different planes, seem to levitate to survey the scene. Thence the eye is drawn, almost auricularly, to the strident colours of the Transatlantic tourists, which anticipate the heraldic signal from the locust-visaged trumpeters of the act's consummation. The velvet-collared cherubs pyramiding into the smog recall the work's fundamentally pietistic character.

ARABELLA SNONK

'THE DESCENT OF MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE INTO HELL,' BY SIR RICARDO ANNIGONI-DOYLE

Here the composition is in the form of an arch: On the left Sir Owen Seaman, transfigured in tweeds, ascends into a classical heaven accompanied by the Good Spirits of Ministers of Religion in I Zingari colours and Outposters with topee-like haloes. On the right a diabolical Muggeridge, attended by the mythical figures of the Cock-Burner and the Wode-Houseling, is dragged down by a horde of Hamsters into a Limbo of deep blue twilight. In the centre a hunch-backed Devil contemplates an animal which is conjectured to be of the species 'Canis Tobicianus'.

D. A. J. S.

'MR COLIN WILSON TAKES HIS RIGHTFUL PLACE ON THE THRONE OF HEAVEN'
(*St. Pauls. Anonymous*)

Cowed Cherubim adjust the seven-tiered halo, which goes rather oddly with the New Messiah's horn-rims and polo-collar. Jehovah (left) expostulates furiously with Peter as the latter, hoping to keep his job, bundles Old Testy-whiskers firmly *outside*. The three Holyjohns or Archangrymen, Wain, Braine and Osborne, distribute pamphlets ('Hurry on Down', 'Room at the Bottom', etc.) to the assembled Seraphim. Under personal supervision of the Archamis, more Cherubim are unpacking jazz-trumpets, skiffle-guitars and washboards. An airborne scroll announces: To Hell with Harpies.

GLORIA PRINCE

'THE DISPUTED REVESTITURE OF SAINT BERNARD'

Surrounded by his tormentors, the celebrated Buffoon clings to his coxcomb, which an Outsider tries to wrest from him while inviting him on to the bandwagon of which he himself is the driver. Urged by his colleagues, a Third Man reluctantly tries to replace the Buffoon's jester's cap with a biretta. Two swarms of tourists clutching tickets, some marked 'Ayot Saint Lawrence', others for the newest musical comedy, push past the Buffoon taking no notice of him at all. All are dazzled by the Technicolor studio lights which Saint Gabriel directs on to the scene.

"HILARY"

'THE APOTHEOSIS OF SIR HERBERT READ'

Draped in a swirl of tungsten tubing, the central figure rises from a polyzonal sheath of Perspex cloud. Putti in laminated balsa spin round his head on wires. A PPRA lies supine at the base with a hole through his midriff, and above him stands a smooth and plausibly significant form bearing aloft a pennant enscribed with an aphorism in untranslatable German. Spot-welded to the canopy high overhead, a cornucopia, gripped by a chimpanzee, pours paint freely and continuously over absolutely everything.

G. W. VAUGHAN HUGHES

'THE MIRACULOUS ASSUMPTION OF ST GEORGE DEVINE AT THE COURT THEATRE'

Barely visible over the heads of the spectators, many of whom are still trying to reach their places, St George Devine is wafted heavenwards. His blue cloak, studded with stars, is held by John Osborne. He wears a look of calm wisdom. From the wings Mary Ure and Heather Sears, garbed as angels, gaze upwards with expressions of tremulous wonder. With a scornful gesture he spurns Colin Wilson.

Critics are forcing their way through the crowd. Some succeed in reaching the bar.

ELIA GOLLER

City Lights

Out of Control

There is one obvious explanation for the currency rumours and speculative movements which have cost the gold reserve £185m in the past couple of months – the persistent weakness of sterling since the nationalisation of the Canal in the summer of last year. This weakness, as the Chancellor never tires of repeating, was due not to the state of Britain's trading account (which weathered the Suez oil crisis remarkably well) but to capital movements. The Treasury's balance of payments White Paper makes clear what sort of capital movements these were.

In the past twelve months the surplus on current trading account has been completely swallowed – exceeded, indeed, to the tune of nearly £100m – by a rush of capital abroad. The normal rate of overseas investment rose sharply in the second half of 1956 and rose further in the first half of 1957. It seems quite certain, and the Treasury makes no bones about it, that a large part of this rise was accounted for by the purchase of dollar securities through the gaps in the exchange control fence at Kuwait and Hong Kong. These gaps, of course, have now been closed, but only after their existence had become a commonplace. The effect of Mr Thorneycroft's policies so far has been to depress investment and hold back consumption at home, not for the sake of helping underdeveloped countries or even for the sake of building up the gold reserve, but to finance a panic flight of capital from London to North America.

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dollar stocks as a hedge against devaluation must now be regretting their haste. But the cost of it has already been met in one way or another from the gold reserve. Britain's trading deficit with the dollar area during the first half of this year was more than covered by dollar borrowing, including the waiver on interest payments; the same is true of other sterling countries, with IMF loans substituted for the waiver; with the rest of the world there was a trading surplus. Yet the gold reserve failed to reflect the strength of this position. There was a further outflow of hot money. The world took advantage of the convertibility of sterling and the fall in the exchange-rate to sell £58m. to EPU countries, three-quarters of which had to be redeemed in gold. All this weakened the exchange-rate further, and the support of it cost the reserve £112m.

Banking ambitions and the relaxation of exchange controls have been largely responsible for the restrictions on economic growth which the government has operated for nearly three years. What little success has been achieved in easing the pressure on sterling during the past few months has been mainly due to the tightening of exchange controls.

* * *

The Treasury has to deal with £503m. of maturing stock next month, and the gilt-edged market has been waiting with interest to see how it would go about the job. There is, in fact, to be no conversion offer: over 80 per cent. of the maturing issue has already been bought in, and the rest will be paid off for cash. The Governor of the Bank made a speech to celebrate the occasion; the City examined it carefully to discover whether the outlook was good for short-dated bonds or bad for the rest, but it seemed to be mostly taken up with an encomium on the good relations which exist between the Bank and the Treasury. What seems likely is that the other issues held up until the government operation was over will now be let out on to the market. The City, after the news of issues planned by BP and Shell, is nervous about the next few months. It got a further shock this week when the Capital Issues Committee published, for the first time, statistics of applications made to it, granted or refused, for permission to raise new capital. In the second quarter of this year, it seems, three foreign companies asked and were refused permission to raise a total sum of over £200m. in London. These are enormous amounts: but the bulk of the £200m. is supposed to have been accounted for by a single company interested in the exploitation of oil in the Sahara.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 414. Forgotten Glory

What with dozens of grandmasters, scores of international and hundreds of 'ordinary' masters, I often wonder about the two decades between the mid-Nineties and the war, surely one of the most fertile and brilliant periods in chess history, even though its masters were far less numerous than ours and nowhere near as erudite in every field, nay, in every nook and corner of theoretical knowledge. Yet, their names have remained household words for every chess player, and if some of the 'minor' ones are almost forgotten I for one deplore it. I think of Dr Perlis, one of the most subtle players of all times. A contemporary of Bernstein, Thomas, Vidmar he would be only 77 if he were still alive, but he died in 1913, the victim of a mountaineering accident. Here's how he triumphed over Nimzowitsch at San Sebastian 1912, a tournament in which he gained high honours, ahead of Duras, Schlechter, Teichmann and Marshall.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) Kt-QB3, Kt-KB3; (4) B-Kt5, Kt-Q5; (5) B-R4, KtxKt ch; (6) QxKt, B-K2; (7) Q-Kt3, O-O; (8) QxKP (very risky), R-K1; (9) Q-B4, B-Kt5; (10) P-B3, P-QKt4!; (11) BxP, P-B3; (12) B-R4, Q-R4; (13) B-Kt3, B-R3; (14) Kt-Q1, P-Q4; (15) Kt-B2, PxP; (16) PxP, B-B4!; (17) P-B3, BxKt ch!; (18) QxB, RxP ch; (19) K-Q1, B-Q6; (20) Q-B3 (practically forced), B-K7 ch; (21) QxB, RxQ; (22) KxQ, Q-R4 ch; (23) K-B2, Q-KB4 ch; (24) K-K2, R-K1 ch;

and White soon resigned. Here now is a thrilling game which Perlis won against Salwe at Ostend, 1907.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-QB3, Kt-KB3; (3) P-B4, P-Q4; (4) PxKP, KtxP; (5) Kt-B3, B-QKt5; (6) B-K2, Kt-QB3; (7) O-O, O-O; (8) Q-K1, B-K3; (9) P-Q3, B-B4 ch; (10) K-R1, KtxKt; (11) PxKt, P-Q5; (12) Q-Kt3, K-R1? (K-R1!); (13) Kt-Kt5!, B-KB1; (14) P-B4!, Q-Q2; (15) B-B3, Kt-Q1; (16) B-K4, P-KR3; (17) Kt-R7, K-R1; (18) BxRP!, P-KB4 (PxB??); (19) PxP, e.p., PxB; (20) P-B7!, BxKBP; (21) KtxB, RxKt; (22) R-B6, Q-Q3; (23) RxQ, PxR; (24) Q-B4, resigns.

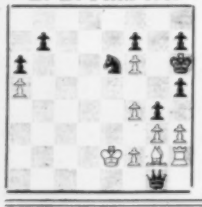
And here's the position in which, at Vienna, 1908, Perlis (White) got his attack going against Marshall. /r3k2r/ piqpktpp1/ 2b1p3/ 2p1P2p/ 2P5/ 1RPBBP1P/ P2Q2P1/ 5RK1/.

(18) P-B4, P-Q3; (19) Q-KB2, R-QB1; (20) B-Kt1, B-R1; (21) PxP, QxB; (22) R-Kt5, P-R3; (23) RxP, RxR; (24) BxR, Q-B2; (25) R-Q1, O-O; (26) B-Q6, Q-Kt2; (27) P-QB5, R-Q1; (28) R-K1, Kt-B4; (29) B-K5, Q-Kt4; (30) K-R2, Q-B5; (31) BxKt!, PxB; (32) Q-Kt3, P-Kt3; (33) B-Q4, QxRP; (34) Q-Kt5, K-R2; (35) R-K7, R-KKt1; (36) R-Q7, B-Q4; (37) P-B4!, QxBP; (38) Q-B6, Q-R7; (39) B-Kt2, Q-B5; (40) Q-K5, B-K3.

Now I might as well save the **A** diagram of the 4-pointer for beginners by asking how White forced his opponent's resignation by 3 powerful moves. To make this even easier I will add the useful hint that the final move involves an (unacceptable) Q-sacrifice.

His most famous *coup* (which has come to be almost a classic) Perlis achieved against a duffer who had been given the odds of the Q. Perlis played (1) P-B5, and the duffer grabbed the R, the sequel being (2) K-B1!, Kt-Kt4; (3) P-R4, Kt-R6; (4) BxKt. Unable to resist a check the duffer retook with the Q, whereupon Perlis, a Q down and with not a piece left, calmly announced a mate in 6. Quite a bargain for 6 ladder-points, nor is **C** too difficult for 7. A win for White, and also a classic. Usual prizes. Entries by 28 October.

B: Dr Perlis 1910



C: Richard Reti 1922

REPORT on No. 409. Set 14 September.

A: (1) . . . Q-R2 ch; (2) R-R3!, R-Q8 ch; (3) K-R2, R-R8 ch!; (4) K-Kt3, Q-R5 ch; (5) R x Q, P x R mate.
B: (1) P-B6, R-KKt1; (2) R-KB7, P-Q7; (3) P x P ch, R x P; (4) K x P!, P - Q (best); (5) R-B8 ch, R-Kt1; (6) P-Kt7 mate.
C: (1) R-KKt7, B-R3 (best); (2) B-B3 ch, K-R7; (3) R-Kt2 ch, K-R6; (4) R-Kt8, K-R5; (5) K-R2!!, P-Q4; (6) K-Kt1, P-Q7; (7) K-B2!, P-Q6 ch; (8) K-Q1! P-Q7; (9) B-K2 etc.

Many stumped by **C** and/or **B** (or even **A**). Completely flawless solutions from E. Allan who gets half the prize-money, the balance being shared by W. H. L. Brooking, C. Sandberg, M. B. Yeats. They missed one variation in **C**.

REPORT on No. 410. Set on 21 September.

A: (1) Kt-B7 ch, K-Kt1; (2) Kt-Q8! Kt x R; (3) B x Kt ch etc. (if 2) . . . R-Q4; (3) R-K8 etc.
B: (1) R-R7 ch, K-Kt5; (2) P-Q7, R-Q7; (3) R-R4 ch, K-Kt6; (4) R-Q4!, R x R; (5) Kt-K2 ch etc.
C: (1) K-B5, Kt-B2; (2) K-Q6, Kt-K1 ch; (3) K-K7! (K-Q7?), Kt-Kt2!; (4) B-Kt6!, K-Kt1; (5) B-B7 ch, K-R2; (6) K-B6, K-R1; (7) K-K5! (K-Kt6?), K-R2; (8) K-K4!, K-R1; (9) K-B4, K-R2; (10) K-Kt4, K-R1; (12) P-Kt6 etc.

Plenty of correct solutions. Prizes shared by Gerald Abrahams, W. M. Hancock, J. R. Harman, C. R. Hattersley, F. R. Oliver.

REPORT on No. 411. Set on 28 September.

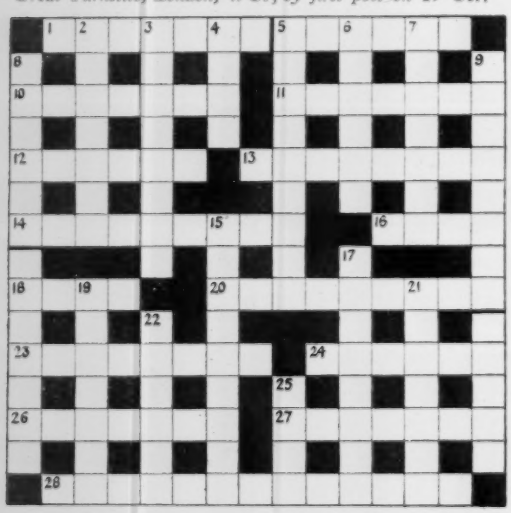
A: Q-Kt6! etc.
B: (1) Kt x Kt, Kt x Kt; (2) R-R8 ch!! Kt x R; (3) K-B8, Kt-B2; (4) K x Kt etc., if (2) . . . K x R; (3) K x Kt, K-R2; (4) K-B6! etc.
C: (1) B-Kt6 ch, K-Kt1; (2) P - Q, P - Q ch; (3) Q x Q, P-K7 ch; (4) Q x P (best), B-R3!; (5) Q-Kt5!! K-Kt2; (6) B-Q4 ch etc.

An easy lot and plenty of correct solutions. Prizes: S. N. Collings, W. M. Hancock, A. S. Rooker-Roberts, J. D. Taylor, N. G. Wilson.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 273

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 273, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 29 Oct.



ACROSS

1. Sign of the cross makes graduate study about prophet-to-be (7, 6).
10. Tiny creatures caught in little photographs (7).
11. The slut has to fish for a little work (7).
12. Songs for the chief, by the sound of it (6).
13. Domestic breaks the lantern behind me (8).
14. They may be seen on the airfield, showing that there are victories around the ruined docks (9).
16. Shut up shop (4).
18. A right turn for a ship (4).
20. Horse one trains irregularly (9).
23. The commanding officer interrupts a wayward truant and most unreliable person (8).
24. Plant caught by an amateur (6).
26. Dissolute as a heavy drinking airman? (7).
27. Help for the afflicted, sick in the hillside (7).
28. Check the vehicle before the race: this is a guarantee of survival (13).

DOWN

2. He worked on day and night (7).
3. Population growth in mixed races in the East (8).
4. Bohemian reformer (4).
5. Possible saints born to become scientists (9).
6. Worshipped as a communist embracing the party (6).
7. Knight who makes gold on nothing underground (7).
8. Design for vulgar talk after fifty when surrounded by success (6, 7).
9. Neatness of a request for a sweet? (8, 5).
15. Place where there is a vehicle on the pavement and the main road is up (9).
17. Stiff as a Latin pun misquoted (8).
19. What a neck he has, making a mistake about taxes! (7).
21. For this playwright a book is superior to an invitation to view (7).
22. For excitement I go into a suburb of London (6).
25. Wood which is nearly all good (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 271

E	D	W	A	R	D	S	■	W	O	R	K	S	O	P
N	■	A	■	E	■	I	■	P	■	I	■	■	■	■
D	O	R	I	S	■	W	A	L	L	O	P	I	N	G
O	■	P	■	T	■	N	■	D	■	T	■	C	■	M
W	I	L	S	O	N	■	D	E	L	E	G	A	T	E
E	■	A	■	R	■	F	■	R	■	D	■	■	■	N
D	A	N	D	E	L	I	O	N	S	■	A	B	E	T
■	■	E	■	S	■	R	■	E	■	B	■	R	■	■
M	A	S	S	■	P	E	R	S	U	A	D	I	N	G
A	■	■	■	A	■	P	■	S	■	R	■	M	■	A
S	K	I	M	P	O	L	E	■	M	O	U	S	E	R
O	■	N	■	O	■	A	■	A	■	N	■	T	■	M
N	E	C	K	L	A	C	E	S	■	E	P	O	D	E
R	■	U	■	L	■	E	■	K	■	T	■	N	■	N
Y	A	R	R	O	W	S	■	S	U	S	P	E	C	T

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 271

John May (London, SW15), Wol J. W. Allan, (Hook-of-Holland), Mrs L. G. Geddie (Edinburgh 13).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

SENIOR Scientific Officers: Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable appointments covering a wide range of scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. In Biological subjects the number of vacancies is small: individual vacancies exist in the Natural History Museum for candidates who have special knowledge of, or who are interested in, crystallography, taxonomic entomology, palaeobotany, malacology, acarology. The Royal Naval Scientific Service require a Scientific Officer (male) for the National Institue of Oceanography to work on oceanic Cephalopoda; and a vacancy for a Metallurgist (Scientific Officer) has arisen in the Royal Mint. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification, or be otherwise qualified by high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Age limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31, but specially suitable candidates under 26 may be admitted; for Scientific Officers between 21 and 28 during 1957 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). Salary (London) Senior Scientific Officers: Minimum £1,190 (women £1,098). Men's scale maximum £1,410. Scientific Officers: Minimum £635. Men's scale maximum £1,110. Women's pay above £635 slightly lower but being raised to reach equality with men's in 1961. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Five-day week, generally. Further particulars, from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S.53/57 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/57 for Scientific Officers. Interview Boards will sit at intervals, as required. Early application is advised.

B.B.C. requires Announcer in Cardiff (men only). Duties include presentation of all types of programmes mainly in sound, possibly in Television, preparation of announcements, taking charge of speakers and artists at microphone. Good microphone voice, good general education and complete fluency in Welsh and English, with ability to translate quickly from one to the other essential. Knowledgeable interest in music and literature and ability to pronounce French and German desirable. Ability to pronounce Italian and Spanish additional qualifications. Salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by five annual increments to £1,365 p.a. max. Initial appointment might be on grade with starting salary £790 with prospect of promotion to higher grade, subject to attainment of requisite standard. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.393 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

AUSTRALIA, University of Adelaide. Applications are invited for the following four appointments: 1, Senior Lecturer in Law. 2, Lecturer in English. Potential candidates in the U.K. may consult Mr. C. J. Horne of the University of Leicester, who has been appointed to the Chair in Adelaide. 3, Lecturer in Organic Chemistry. 4, Lecturer in Physical and Inorganic Chemistry. Salary Scales: Senior Lecturers £A1,800 × £70 — £2,150; Lecturers £A1,200 × £80 (£70)—£1,750; with superannuation on the F.S.S.U basis. Copies of the general conditions of appointment of sub-professorial staff in the University of Adelaide may be had on application to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1, or to the Registrar. Any further information desired will be supplied on request. Because the University wishes to make these four appointments with as little delay as possible after the closing date, candidates should ask their referees to send their confidential reports direct to the Registrar without waiting for a request from him. The University would like the successful candidates to be in Adelaide by the beginning of the academic year in March, 1958; but applications from candidates who cannot be in Adelaide by then will be fully considered. Applications, in duplicate and giving the information listed in the general conditions of appointment, should reach the Registrar, University of Adelaide, South Australia, not later than October 31, 1957.

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Applications are invited for the vacant Assistant Lectureship in Geography. Annual salary (superannuable): £1,375 × £50—£1,525 for a man or £1,040 × £40—£1,160 for a woman, together with an expatriation allowance of £225 a year if applicable. The equivalent of income tax in the Colony is comparatively low. First-class sea passages are provided for expatriate staff and their families on first appointment and leaves. Applicants should possess British University qualifications (or equivalent) and if possible experience in teaching Geography in a University Department of Geography and Geology. The ability to teach some Geology would be an advantage. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Hong Kong and London, is November 15, 1957.

AUSTRALIA—University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Latin. A good honours degree in Classics or Latin with subsidiary Greek is an essential qualification. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,200-£80-£A1,750 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (£70 men, £53 women) and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. (The current scale of salaries is at present under revision.) The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Finance available for home purchase to married male appointee. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is November 9, 1957.

AUSTRALIA, University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in German. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,200 × £80—£1,750 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (£70 men, £53 women), and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. (The current scale of salaries is at present under revision). The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Finance available for home purchase to married male appointee. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36, Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is November 2, 1957.

AUSTRALIA, University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer in Accounting. The salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range of £A1,800 × £70 — £2,150 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (£70 men, £53 women), and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. (The current scale of salaries is at present under revision). The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Finance available for home purchase to married male appointee. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is November 2, 1957.

AUSTRALIA—Canberra University College, School of Oriental Studies. Applications are invited for appointment to the position of Assistant Librarian to undertake the special work of cataloguing and caring for books and material in the School of Oriental Studies. Candidates should have a knowledge of Chinese or Japanese and preferably both. Some experience in library cataloguing and administration is desirable. Salary will be determined according to experience and qualification within the range of £1,250—£1,800 p.a. (Australian). Further details and form of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, with whom one copy of each application must be lodged. Applications close in Australia and London on November 9, 1957.

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited for a post of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Economic Statistics to begin duties as soon as possible. An economic theorist prepared to make economics statistics his main interest would be considered. Salary scale: Lecturer: £900×£50—£1,350 ×£75—£1,650; Assistant Lecturer: £700× £50—£850, with F.S.S.U. provision and family allowance. Initial salary on either scale according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar to whom applications (4 copies) including names and addresses of 3 referees should be sent by Nov. 9, 1957.

EXECUTIVE Editor required to take complete charge of the editorial department of "The Index of Technical Articles." Applicants should have had experience of editorial or bibliographical work on a broad Technical basis, and be competent to organise both permanent staff and the team of industrial experts employed on the compiling of "Iota." This is a permanent post carrying responsibility and scope for initiative. Please apply in strictest confidence giving full details of experience and salary required to the Director, Iota Services, Ltd., 38 Farringdon Street, E.C.4.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Applications invited for the following posts at Remand Home for 19 girls near Chelmsford. (i) Teacher or Supervisor able to teach simple handwork and to provide other organised activities for girls; (ii) Supervisor to instruct and supervise girls in domestic duties in the Home. Both posts also involve general duties in connection with the welfare, occupation and supervision of the girls. Salary for qualified Teacher Burnham Scale with two additional increments and payment not exceeding £180 a year for extraneous duties, less £120 board and lodging. Salary for Supervisor within range £480-£600 less £116 board and lodging. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

EAST Riding of Yorkshire Education Committee. Pocklington, East Riding. Appointment of Organising Tutor. Applications are invited from suitably experienced graduates for appointment as organising tutor in the Pocklington area. It is probable that a house can be made available. The person appointed will act as Head of the Institute of Further Education which will be centred in the new County Secondary School which is expected to open in September, 1958, and will also be responsible for the organisation and development of day and evening classes for adults and adolescents in the villages in the surrounding area. He will be expected to work in close collaboration with the Headmaster/Warden who will exercise a general oversight of further education activities. Though an evening institute has been functioning in Pocklington for some years, there is room for considerable expansion of this form of educational activity and the post offers wide scope for a person of initiative and enthusiasm. Salary will be in accordance with Grade B of the Burnham Scales for Teachers in Establishments for Further Education. A car allowance will be payable in accordance with the County Council scale. Forms of application may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Beverley, to whom they should be returned by October 31, 1957. It is hoped that the successful applicant will be able to take up duty at Easter, 1958.

EAST Riding of Yorkshire Education Committee, Hornsea, East Riding. Appointment of Organising Tutor. Applications are invited from suitably experienced graduates for appointment as organising tutor in the Hornsea area. It is probable that a house can be made available. The person appointed will act as Head of the Institute of Further Education which will be centred in the new County Secondary School which is expected to open in September, 1958, and will also be responsible for the organisation and development of day and evening classes for adults and adolescents in the villages in the surrounding area. He will be expected to work in close collaboration with the Headmaster/Warden who will exercise a general oversight of further education activities. Though an evening institute has been functioning in Hornsea for some years, there is room for considerable expansion of this form of educational activity and the post offers considerable scope for a person of initiative and enthusiasm and who has a real taste for learning and a love of the countryside. Salary will be in accordance with Grade B of the Burnham Scales of Salaries for Teachers in Establishments for Further Education. A car allowance will be payable in accordance with the County Council scale. Forms of application may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Beverley, to whom they should be returned by October 31, 1957. It is hoped that the successful applicant will be able to take up duty at Easter, 1958.

READING Education Committee. Educational Psychologist with an Honours Degree in Psychology and teaching experience) required for work in the schools and in the Child Guidance Clinic. Salary Grade II of Soulbury Scales (Man £1,150—£1,400, Woman: £1,020—£1,212, plus equal pay increments). Appropriate deductions for superannuation. Further particulars and application form (returnable by November 2) from Chief Education Officer, Blagrave Street, Reading.

THE International Labour Office early in 1958, under its Expanded Programme of Technical Assistance, is to conduct in certain countries in South East Asia three months' demonstration projects in the field of modern management techniques and industrial engineering. Applications are invited from candidates possessing considerable practical experience in responsible consulting or executive posts in industry with proven ability to lecture and conduct seminars as well as short practical courses in work study, production planning and control, costing and related subjects. The salary will be within the range U.S.$6,000-U.S.$8,750 yearly tax exempt, plus allowances, and contracts will be offered for not less than three months, but preferably six or twelve months in 1958. Applicants should send comprehensive curricula vitae to: Ministry of Labour and National Service (E.9), Almack House, King Street, London, S.W.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is October 28, 1957.

THE British Institute of Florence. The Council invites applications for the post of Director. The purpose of the Institute, which has about 1,000 pupils, is to promote the study of English language, literature and culture. The appointment, dating from May 1, 1958, will be for three years in the first instance and may be renewed for longer periods. Salary equivalent to £1,400 a year with £200 entertainment allowance. Applicants should be men of 40 or more, of British nationality and university graduates, with a working knowledge of Italian. Applications with the names of three references should be sent before October 31 to: Mrs. Graham Rawson, 8 Campden Hill Square, London, W.8, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

INSTITUTE of Personnel Management, 80 Fetter Lane (opposite Gamages), have vacancy for Shorthand Typist to assist the Student training secretary. Good speeds essen. Salary £7/£7 10s., according to age and exp. 5-day week. 9-5.30. Luncheon vouchers. Tel. for appointment HOL. 3456, Ex. 104.

CANTERBURY University College, Christchurch, New Zealand. Applications are invited for the position of Assistant Lecturer in Psychology. Candidates should have an honours degree. The salary attached to the position will be at the rate of £780 per annum, rising by annual increments to £880 per annum. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications in New Zealand and in London is October 31, 1957.

MARKS and Spencer, Ltd., invite applications from women between the ages of 25 and 35 for Staff Management in their larger stores. These are senior posts with progressive salaries. Candidates should preferably have had experience in managing staff. Commencing salary for the introductory training period would vary according to age and experience. Please write in the first place for further particulars and application form to the Appointments Section, 82 Baker Street, London, W.1, marking the envelope "S.M."

INTERNATIONAL Sociological Association invites applications for the post of Assistant Secretary. Qualifications should include sociology degree, languages and some administrative experience. Post commences January 1958. Salary within range £600-£850 per annum. Apply to I.S.A., 13 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1.

COMMERCIAL TV Advertisement Writer wanted by leading London advertising agency. He or she should have had previous writing experience which can be adapted to the creation of TV and radio commercials, etc. Some knowledge of entertainment and publicity work will also be an advantage. Good salary and prospects in a rapidly growing department. Write Box 5883.

LAY Analyst required, whole-time. Salary £1,205 per annum. Further particulars may be obtained from the Medical Superintendent, Powick Hospital, Nr. Worcester.

MINISTRY of Labour and National Service: Social Worker required at Ministry's Industrial Rehabilitation Unit at Bristol, to give professional help and advice on rehabilitation and resettlement of disabled persons. Candidates must possess a Social Science diploma or equiv. qual. and preferably have had experience of social work. Post is unestablished but the successful candidate may be eligible for subsequent establishment at open competitions held by Civil Service Commission. Salary scale (men) £675-£715-£753-£785 × £35-£890 × £40-£970-£1,007-£1,020. Scale for women is at present somewhat lower, but being increased each year until equality with men's scale is reached on January 1, 1961. The minimum of the scale is linked to age 25 and over but an allowance of up to three increments within the scale may be granted exceptionally for years of experience beyond age 25. Lower rates are payable if below age 25. Particulars and appl. forms from Ministry of Labour and National Service, O.E.11, 19 St. James's Sq., London, S.W.1.

WARLINGHAM Park Hospital, Warlingham, Surrey. Applications are invited for a post of Psychiatric Social Worker, based on Warlingham Park Hospital and dealing mainly with adult in-patients and out-patients. The hospital makes full use of group therapy, and already has a very wide variety of extra-mural activities. This appointment is additional to the post at present held by a qualified P.S.W., and probable future developments include the appointment of a Senior Psychiatric Social Worker and the organising of a scheme of domiciliary psychiatry. Candidates should hold one of the recognised diplomas. Whitley Council salary and conditions of service. Applications on forms obtainable from the Physician Superintendent should be submitted as soon as possible.

MIDDLESEX County Council—County Health Dept. Psychiatric Social Worker for both pre and after care in Community Care Service, reqd. initially in West Central Div., Southall, Feltham, Hayes & Harlington, Ruislip-Northwood, Staines, Sunbury, Uxbridge, Yiewsley, etc. Good office accommodation and clerical assistance available. Post offers scope and interest in this field of Psychiatric Social work. P.T.A. salary and quals. Established, subject to medical assessment and prescribed conditions. Car allowance considered. Apply stating age, quals., and exper. with names of 2 referees to County Medical Officer (Ref. "S."), 3, 5, & 7, Old Queen Street, S.W.1, by October 30 (Quote W.126 N.S.). Canvassing disqualifies.

BRIGHTON and Lewes Hospital Management Committee. Brighton General Hospital. Applications are invited for the resident post of First Assistant Warden of the Nurses' Home. Applicants should be suitably trained and have had experience in a school, hotel, hostel or similar residential establishment. Salary will be at the rate of £382×£16(4) to £446 per annum. A charge will be made for board and lodging at the rate of £152 per annum. The post is superannuable. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees, to be sent to the Administrative Officer, Brighton General Hospital, Elm Grove, Brighton 7.

MATRON for boy & girl boarders wanted, experienced, capable and kind. Interesting, educatl. work. Gd. salary. Box 4568.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MENTAL Deficiency. Applications are invited from trained social workers for employment as assistant local organiser (temporary) under the Mental Deficiency Acts in the London County Council, Public Health Department. Duties include visiting and reporting on mental defectives living in the community. Social science qualification, knowledge of typewriting and clerical work and some experience of social work desirable. Salary scale (at present under review) £557 10s.—£742 10s.; abated commencing salary for persons under 24. Form of application from Medical Officer of Health, (PH/D 1/1877), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. Returnable by November 1.

FAMILY Service Units' pioneer service for "problem families", developing rapidly with official support, has vacancies for social workers. Exacting but rewarding work, affording unique experience and thorough training in family casework. Social Science training and previous experience of social work desirable. Resident and non-resident posts, for men and women. Non-resident salary scale £525/25/700; children's allowances; pension scheme. A few senior posts, with wide scope and interesting prospects, at higher salaries, available for suitably qualified and experienced caseworkers. Write to Secretary, F.S.U., 25 St. Mary's Grove, N.1.

ESSEX County Council. Psychiatric Social Workers. Applications invited from persons possessing a Mental Health or other certificate recognised by the appropriate Whitley Council for whole-time, part-time or sessional appointments at the North-East Essex (Colchester), Mid-Essex (Chelmsford), South-East Essex (Basildon) and South Essex (Grays) Child Guidance Clinics. Application form from County Medical Officer of Health, County Hall, Chelmsford.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Two assistant matrons required January: one for boarding house of boys and girls aged 5 to 9, the other for boarding house of boys and girls aged 12 to 13; working with others under House Mother. Salary according to age and experience. Opportunity to join in life of co-educational boarding school situated on edge of Garden City, easy reach London and Cambridge. Apply: Mrs. King Harris.

EAST HAM County Borough. Applications are invited for appointment as Child Therapist for up to eight sessions weekly. Salary scale pro rata to Soulbury Scale II for Education Psychologists for six or more sessions or £2 2s. per session for five or fewer sessions. Forms of application (returnable as soon as possible) obtainable from Chief Education Officer, Town Hall Annexe, Barking Road, East Ham, E.6.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedrooms and good holidays. Minimum salary £30 16s. 8d. per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

TAVISTOCK Clinic, 2 Beaumont Street, W.1. Secretary required for Consultant Psychiatrist to take part in a Clinical Research project. Opportunity to acquire specialised knowledge and, if suitable, eventually to act as assistant on some aspects of the work. Good shorthand-typing speeds necessary. Responsible person to deal with confidential material. Preferably aged 25-35. Write, giving full details of experience, etc., to Senior Administrative Officer.

WARLINGHAM Park Hospital, Warlingham, Surrey. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker for work mainly at the Croydon Child Guidance Clinic. Candidates should hold an appropriate qualification, and preferably should have had previous post-graduate experience of child guidance work. Whitley Council salary (plus London Weighting) and conditions of service. Applications on forms obtainable from the Physician Superintendent should be returned as soon as possible.

THE National Association for Mental Health. Applications are invited from Women Graduates for the post of Senior Administrator to the Education Department. Candidates should have experience of organising courses and a knowledge of the education and mental health services. Salary according to qualifications and experience, but within a range of £650-£850. Applications, with names of two referees, to the General Secretary, 39 Queen Anne Street, W.1, within a fortnight of appearance of this advertisement.

IMPORTANT Anglo-Israeli organisation, under distinguished patronage, has opening for experienced Appeals Organiser; essential qualifications are good education, pleasant personality, out-standing organising ability, knowledge of Jewish community and ability to address meetings. Applications in confidence to the Executive Director, British Technion Committee, 83 Wimpole Street, W.1.

ASSISTANT reqd. for new record dept. Experience essential. Musical snobs need not apply. 'Phone HAM. 2218.

TAVISTOCK Clinic, 2/6 Beaumont Street, W.1. Shorthand/typist reqd. immediately. Knowledge of Psychiatric Medical Terms an advantage. Starting salary at 23 years and over within the range £414 to £468 p.a. according to age and ability, rising to £545 p.a. For interview tel. CUN. 6071 Ext. 10.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ORGANISING Secretary with German-Jewish background required for cultural and scientific research organisation. Administrative ability and familiarity with Jewish affairs necessary. Reply Box 5844.

SMALL expanding publishing concern requires editorial secretary. Box 5805.

SEC. Short/Type. reqd., 5-day wk., 3 wks. hol. Pt.-time cons. Write Union of Democratic Control, 86 Rochester Row, S.W.1.

A COURT Agency Post awaits you! All Secretarial staff, both sexes, personal attention. No fees. Call or 'phone immed. introds. 37a Kensington High St. WES. 6373.

AT Conduit St. Bureau (GRO. 7080), 4 Conduit Street, Oxford Circus. Open daily 8.30-7.30. Sats. 9-1. Every Male/Female office post available. No fees to Staff.

WIGMORE Agency. Personal assistants, Secretaries, Medical and Dental Secretaries, shorthand-typing and office staff. 67 Wigmore Street, W.1. HUN. 9951.

GIRL assistant with typing ability reqd. for antiques shop. Sidney Green Antiques Galls., 117 Kensington Church St., W.8.

TRADE Union official needs secretary. Pay up to £600 per annum. Five-day week. Ring Glynn, MACaulay 6464.

SECRETARY, for managing director, Advtg. Agency, W.1. Sal. to £12. Portman Bureau, 78 George St., W.1. HUN. 0676.

INTERNATIONAL Engineering Conference Organisers require well-educated sh./typist for small office Trafalgar Square. Permanent post; interesting work involving corresp. with 52 member-countries, also committee agendas and minutes. Age 19-22. Box 5889.

EDUCATED young women (22 up) for interesting secretarial posts in Victoria and City areas. Commencing salaries £9 10s. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1, & 2 Broad St. Place, E.C.2.

HOLIDAY Relief Work available now in London for Shorthand Typists £8 10s. Copy Typists £7 10s. 30 hour week, no Sats. Longer hours—more pay. Duttons Secretarial Serv., 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

MOTHER'S Help. S. Coast. Daily kept; good salary, car, sailing. Box 5831.

SPANISH & Italian Domestics! We have a number of reliable & hardworking married couples or single girls available. Established over 20 years. Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1. GERrard 9911.

HAVE you tried the West End Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield St., Shaftesbury Ave., W.1. GER. 2848 (3 lines).

RESEARCH. Six months full time work required from graduate in political/economic history familiar with English sources 1660-1800. State qualifications and salary reqd. Box 5864.

TELEPHONIST reqd. Apply Sub-Warden, Toynbee Hall, E.1. BIShopsgate 3633.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

BACHELOR 40, extensive exper. at desk & on Herbert lathes, eager try admin. Outlook practical but civilised. Box 5832.

SCOTS girl 22, adaptable, sks. intg. wk. French, some German, typing. Box 5775.

YOUNG man, 24, teaching exp., seeks interesting post for 12 months prior college. Intrsts.: theatre, cinema, arts. Box 5776.

LINGUIST-Sec. (f) fluent German, French; knowledge Polish, Italian, Bulgarian, Russian, Hebrew; wide exper. business, office, cttee., admin., good typg. stencils, etc. seeks perm. post where abilities versatile "over-forty" of lively temperament can be fully used. Excellent Refs. Box 5842.

FRENCH-woman, 35, wide experience care children, wishing to improve English, sks. post in children's home, school or with family. Garner, 9 Gilston Road, S.W.10.

AUSTRALIAN Tr. desires post on ship home. Escort ad. or chn. Reply Gordon Psychology Centre, 21 Castle St., Edinburgh.

M.I.5 victim, qualified personnel manager, desperately requires sympathetic offer any job. Box 5825.

SHORTHAND/Typist (32). Dictaphone; Poetry Society Gold Medallist; Member R.S.L.; exp. with Literary Agency; driver; reqs. part-time morning work with Dramatic or Lit. employers—London. FRO. 3610.

VERBATIM Shorthand Writers, Duplicating, Typing, Translating. Mabel Eyles Duplicating & Secretarial Agency, 395 Hornsey Rd., London, N.19. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

ENGLISH-German shorthand-typist, translator, graduate, good French, legal experience, seeks job; short hours. Box 5906.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 90s. partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave., N.W.3.

FURN. flat. Bedford Park, W.4, 2 rms., kit., bathrm. Suit 2 friends. CHI. 1515.

SMALL attrac. b/s., el.htr. & ring, in scientist's Georgian hse. Highgate Village; nom. rent in ret. some baby-sit. Overseas student welcome. Box 5950.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

ONE newly dec. well-furn. single bed-sit. rm. c.h., all conv., ckg. facs. Well connected. Phone MAI 8796 after 6.30 p.m.

HAMPSTEAD. Really charming divan-room for profess. lady. Good-class acc. in author's house. Cooking facil., view garden, nr. buses/Heath. 3 gns. HAM. 7428.

HIGHGATE. Bed-sit. in modern block near Heath, c.h., use kit. or meals by arr. Bus./prof. person. Box 5875.

HIGHGATE.—Bed sit. Prof. man. £3 10s. inc. breakfast, linen, service, light. Tel. MOU. 0840.

WELL-furn. div.-rm., use tel., bath, ckg. facs. Gentleman only. 45s. MAI. 1093.

BUILT as flatlet, new hse., beaut. furn., concealed ckg., const. h.w., basn., bath, lin., serv. Prof./bus. lady. 70s. BAY 4617.

PLEAS. furn. hse. Hamp., 4 bedrms., close Heath, to let 3 mnths. from Dec. 1 to very careful tenants. Refs. reqd. Box 5762.

COMFORTABLE quiet B/S with gas ring, large and finely furnished with antique furniture, 5 minutes Hampstead Heath, £3 10s. per wk, incl. heating. Box 5802.

LARGE sgl. room. Twickenham. Bkfst. 3 gns. Meals arranged. Box 5779.

1-yr.-old offers cheap b/s. Islington exch. some daytime company. NOR. 6486.

BEDSITTING room & kit., use of gdn. Hampstead. 1 person. HAM. 5116 eve.

DIVAN room for gentleman. All conveniences. GLAdstone 2624.

DULWICH. Lge. div. room with contemp. furn. & splendid view. Ckg. fac. & hidden sink. Use tel. & bath. 3 gns. FOR 1374.

BED, bkfast., cheerful rm., informal atmosphere. Bus./prof. gentleman. SPE. 4602.

N.W.3. Non-U flat. Large rooms (3), small rent (2½). Furnishings and fittings £450. Box 5888.

S.W.7. Lge. b/s. rm. to let in lady's flat. Contemp. furn.; newly dec. Use kit., bath., tel. £3 10s. Box 5935.

COTTAGE at Lymington to let furn. Oct.-Apr. or shorter. All mod. cons. 25s. p.w. to careful tenants. Refs. Box 5840.

FURN Cott. free Nov. 1. Mod. cons. E. Suffolk. Preference given Maths.-Science coach. Box 5910.

CORNWALL. Overlooking Michael's Mount, spacious s/c. flat (sep. entrance), equipped 5; near buses, shops. Nov.-April. All amenities. Box 5900.

ACCOMMODATION EXCHANGE

TEACHER wishes exchange unfurn. 4-roomed Central modern flat £3 3s. p.w. with 6-7 roomed Barnes/Putney with garden, max. £4 4s. p.w. Box 5927.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

LECTURER, Chinese wife, need small flat Hamps., Highgate, 2-3 mths. Box 5928.

STUD. (f.) 24, sks. acc. Hamps./Highgate area. Bd. res./share flat. Box 5924.

PROFESSIONAL woman, civilised tenant, away a good deal, seeks pied à terre, Hampstead or S.W. Bed-sitter, kitchenette/light ckg. facs. Nr. transport. Box 5914.

WANTED by professional woman (30s) partly/unfurnished room(s) with kitchen and/or use of bathroom. Considerate tenant. Experd. baby or dog sitter if nec. Box 5884.

SPACIOUS b/s. rqd., ckg. fac., bath. tel.; access bus/tube Cen. Lon. Box 5902.

FOR student daughter and friend, 2-rm. flat, kit./ckg. fac., rent £5 incl. elec. W.C.1, E.C.1. Cambridge 2653. Box 5553.

JOURNALIST (m.) sks. flatlet/room Hampstead area. Reas. rent. Box 5909.

ARTIST wants 1/2 unfurn. rms. for studio, grnd. floor or basement. Box 5786

URGENTLY reqd. Semi-furn. studio flat or flat with large room. Tel. essential. 4gns. per week. Please phone FLA. 0453.

SCHOOLMASTER-cum-translator seeks, from Nov. 2 if pos., furnished accom. for self, 6 bookcases, etc. Pref. Highgate area. Quiet essential. Max. £4 4s. REL. 2451/SPE. 6673.

BANGOR, N. Wales. Yng. man reqs. civilised acc. pref. with board. Box 5807.

WOMAN lecturer seeks partly furn./unfurn. accom. sml. cott./flat anywhere in Kent north of Maidstone. Box 5764.

PROF.'S and Civil Servant's daughters seek furn. or unfurn. flat, 2 rooms, kit. (bath?). Not more 3½ gns. p.w. Highbury, Islington, Holborn, Bloomsbury. Box 5872.

TEACHER working outside London looks for regular week-end accommodation in N.W. London. Friday and Saturday nights. Single room without board wanted. Box 5877.

RESEARCH student, grantless but determined, schoolteacher wife a mum in April, require London home. Adaptable. Working arrangement considered. Box 5795.

PROPERTIES TO LET

LONDON, Highgate, nr. Heath, furn. det. 4-bed. house to let from Nov. Tel. C.h.w. Gdn. 13 gns. p.w. long let. Box 5874.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

RURAL Dorset, about four miles from Bridport, two-bedroomed cottage, two living rooms; kitchen and bathroom premises. Plans for complete modernisation passed by Local Council incl. in price of £350 Freehld. Box 410, Reynell's, 44 Chancery La., W.C.2.

ULLSWATER, tiny holiday cottage, water laid on. £500 or near. Box 5876.

CORNWALL. Fhld. house, 8 rms., modnsd., gdns., garage. £2,100 o.n.o. Box 5862.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

AMATEURISH, Paul Johnson? May be. But "The Twentieth Century's" special October number at 2s. 6d. (now reprinting) is a fair reflection of "Who Governs Britain?"

G. D. H. Cole—"Capitalism in the Modern World"—2s. 8d. Fabian Bookshop, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

"THE Humanist" is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly 1s., p.a. 14s.). Spec. copy, "Living with Reality," and Bertrand Russell's "Faith of a Rationalist," free. R.P.A., 40 Drury Lane, W.C.2.

IT'S 'Angry' Young Man Month at Hampstead's High Hill Bookshop (11 High St., N.W.3). This week, "Declaration"; next, "Religion & The Rebel," new Colin Wilson. Are you on our mailing list?

"COLONEL Pewter in Ironicus" by Horner. Introduction by Christopher Fry. "A Christmas gift to be enjoyed over and over again. 6s 6d from all booksellers. Pall Mall Press, Ltd., 123 Pall Mall, S.W.1.

UNITARIANISM. What is it? Write Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

FOR publication on November 11. "Intellectual Calculus," by F. N. Bill. A philosophy developed from an analysis of human certainty. Price 21s. Prospectus on application from The Thames Bank Publishing Company, Ltd., Henley Hall, Ipswich.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

WANTED. Second-hand Skira, Phaidon Press, & similar modern art books. Will call London area. Francis Marsden, Bookseller, 59 King's Road, London, S.W.3.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht. R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W. 14. FUL. 7924.

BOOKS bought. Left emphasis. Van calls. Hammersmith Bkshop., W.6. Riv. 6807.

WHERE TO STAY

BLENHEIM Farm, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Comfortable accommodation and good food. Special winter terms. Easy train journey from Charing Cross. Riding Stables. Coarse fishing. Tel. 148.

AUTUMN holidays for the country-lover. Gd. food, warmth, pleas. companionship found at Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford, Hatfield Heath 263.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms & brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton for Christmas. Old Norton House, on the Green of this famous seaside village closes October 20—for a rest after four hectic years. Re-opens for Christmas houseparty from 11gns. the week and 45s. per day. Proprietor: D. Chapman, M.P.

OCT. holiday in lovely cottage on Cumberland fells. Mod. cons. Box 5339.

DAVOS, centre of Winter sports, offers lovely holidays. Privat-Hotel Meisser, Davos-Dorf, Switzerland, in very centre of the sport places offers comf. accom., delicious food. Special reduced terms Jan. 6 to Feb. 8.

SPEND the winter months in sunshine, Spain. Author and wife taking guests. 5 gns. p.w. full board. Brewis, Villa Fina, Playa San Juan, Alicante. British Agent Box 5905.

FOOD AND DRINK

GREAT Wall Chinese Restaurant, 33 Oxford St., W.1. GERrard 4713, for the best Chinese food in London. Parties catered for in our Dragon Gate Banqueting Room. Exquisite Chinese handicrafts, brocades, etc. from our ground floor boutique.

EL Cid Sherry now has a companion dry fino called Fino Feria. Foreign papers please copy. English drinkers please take appropriate action.

JOIN the Army of people who daily enjoy their meals with Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney—from all good grocers.

T.V. snacks and cocktail canapes are delicious with Burgess's Anchovy paste on buttered toast.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11, Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Freedom & self-government for day children and weekly boarders. Small classes. Tuition fee 27½gns.; weekly boarders 30 gns. extra a term. Headmaster: J. East.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10-18. University age, small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principal, Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

PROGRESSIVE League Conference on "The Price of Social Change in Britain." Nov. 15-17 at High Leigh, Hoddesdon, Herts. Chairman: Kenneth Bowden. Christopher Logue: Social Change and Contemporary Literature. Donald Ford: Crime and Social Change. Dr. G. M. Carstairs: Psychological Aspects of Social Change. J. P. Corbett: The Educational Rat Race. Stephen Schenk: The Pressure to Succeed. Fee £3 12s. 6d. Many single rooms: no extra charge. Full partics. from and bookings to: The Booking Officer, Progressive League, 20 Buckingham Street, W.C.2.

PRICE of International Partnership. Weekend Conference, Nov. 1-3, Hoddesdon, Herts. Peter Kirk, M.P., Prof. Rushbrook Williams, Walter Hood and others. Details from National Peace Council, 29 Gt. James St., London, W.C.1.

ECONOMIC and Social Aid. Fabian Weekend School. B. Castle, L. Elvin, E. F. Schumacher, D. Sington, Philippines Ambassador. Dorking, Oct. 25-27. Details 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1. WHI. 3077.

RUSSIAN Language Classes. Course of 10 lessons 30s. (S.C.R. members 20s.). At SCR, 14, Kensington Sq., W.8. Beginners and Advanced, Mondays. Intermediate, Mondays or Wednesdays. All at 6.45 p.m.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers, with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club. 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng. classes or private lessons: beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

LONDON University and other Exams. University Correspondence College prepares students for London Univ. General Certificate of Education (for Entrance, Faculty requirements, or Direct Entry to Degree), & higher exams. for Degrees, General Certificate (all Levels) Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, & others, Law. Private Study Courses in Sociology, Languages, etc. Prospectus from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for G.C.E., Law, Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

ST. JAMES School of Secretaries & Languages, 283 Oxford St., W.1. HYDe Park 6524. Intensive 3-6-9 month Secretarial Training. Earn While You Learn scheme. Also English for Foreign Students and Conversation Courses in French, German, Italian & Spanish.

FRENCH. Full-time day Courses for G.C.E. London and Oxford. Evening Conversation Courses for beginners and Discussion Groups for advanced students. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 2044.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W.14. PARk 8392.

DID you learn French at school—and still can't speak it? Our Direct Method will help you. Also German, Spanish and Italian. St. Giles' School, 147 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GER. 1460.

ITALIAN by qualified teacher—moderate fees. Box 5839.

TUTOR in French and German has a few vacancies. Telephone: CUNningham 2930.

GERMAN in 20 lessons. Experienced teacher's own new method. FLA. 3364.

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private Tuition. BAYswater 1786.

SOUTH Indian Danseuse recently returned from a Dance Tour on the Continent, holding classes in Indian Classical Dancing "Bharatha-Natyam," eves. from Fri., Oct. 25 at 45 Colet Gdns., W.14. Apply Box 5593.

BALLROOM Dancing. Lessons daily. Classes Mon. & Thurs. Rock N'Roll Tues. Silvester & Franklyn School, 20, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. SLO. 8392.

OBOE and Cor Anglais tuition. PAR. 9215. K. Jane-Le Touzel, A.R.C.M.

PERSONAL

REED Organ wanted. Single manual, plain case, good cond. Full details: Leighton, Tangley Cottage, Wonersh, Guildford.

NW.11 or N.W.3. Lady would baby-sit, evenings, or help garden week-ends in return for furnished accommodation at a modified rent. Box 5892.

CHINESE Linguaphone set requested for 2 or 3 months' hire at, say, 5s. weekly. Advertiser uses Expert pickup non-automatic turntable. Oliver, 6 Cambridge Square, W.2.

PERSONAL—continued

STUDIO to let. Sutherland Avenue, W.9. Beautifully light. 30s. per week. SUN. 3931, mornings.

5 FOOT mahogany rolltop pedestal desk, £14. Ring ARChway 3336 to view.

ENGLISH Linguaphone course required for Italian girl. 36 Watery Lane, S.W.20.

ARCHITECT, conscientious objector, sks. job in bldg. or food distrib. Interest more important than L.s.d. Box 5904.

ENERGETIC yng. bus. man, spending wk. France Nov. sks. commissions. Box 5810.

COTSWOLD Hideout in sunny valley to let furn. for winter, 3 bedrms., Aga, 'phone, mod. con. Studio available, nearby pottery. 2 hrs. Padd. 4½ gns. Box 5715.

STAMMERING grad. seeks temp. evg. job. London, anything good pay. Box 5724.

PARIS.—Student offered board, lodging, £7/month with French family in return part-time help. Wife English-speaking. Dets. Brooks, 7 Haslemere Rd., N.8. MOU. 5419.

UNCONVENTIONAL lady, fifties, musical, interested in nearly everything but knitting, seeks room in house, flat, preferably Hampstead, Bayswater. Box 5885.

COMF. attic room. Barnes Common. Cooker, use bath, light, heat for sitting in & hse. kpng. 2 wks. per year. PRO. 3817.

AMATEUR pianist wishes form trio/quartet. Classic. music. SWI. 2092.

LABOUR Councillor, unsuccessful in law suit, urgently requires loan of £200. Will repay £250 in 3 yrs. Benefactor will prevent marriage break-up. Box 5886.

MAN (20s, educated, car-owner living quiet village) seeks kindred spirit (m. pref. living London) for visits, concerts, theatre, opera plus other excursions and view sharing expenses, enthusiasms and, if possible, driving on non-Ritzy motor tour Yugoslavia (3/4 wks. summer '58). Box 5811.

GENTLEMAN offers hitch-hiker (m.) free lift to Paris, Oct. 24. Box 5801.

HOLIDAYS without hotel bills. Information from All Change, the new association for the exchange of hospitality. Box 5730.

POETRY programmes for schools, etc., Midlands, Home Counties. Prof. speaker (Central school). Criticisms avail. Box 5813.

SAVE Money. Are you considering furnishing your home or office? This Box No. 5814 will help you economise, by expert advice. Please state particulars of rqmnts.

COACHING required for G.C.E. Advanced Level in Physics. Box 5763.

REJECTION slips? Experienced writer revises/edits your work. Box 5765.

THE Samovar Club. A non-political social club for graduates & professional people under 30. Weekly meetings and other activities. Write 108 Baker St., W.1.

LET me trace your ancestry. Genealogical research all kinds. Mod. Box 5772.

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